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SELECT BEAUTIES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

BRITISH MUSEUM

SELECT BEAUTIES

OF

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

WITH REMARKS

By HENRY HEADLEY, A. B.

THE MONUMENT OF BANISHD MINDES.

Sir W. Davenant

LONDON,

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BRITISH MU

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DIDACTIC AND MORAL PIECES.

Mr MIDNIGHT MEDITATION.

ILL-buſi'd Man! why ſhould'ſt thou take ſuch care
To lengthen out thy life's ſhort Kalendar?
When ev'ry ſpectacle thou look'ſt upon
Preſents and acts thy execution.
Each drooping ſeaſon and each flower doth cry,
"Fool! as I fade and wither, thou muſt dy."

The beating of thy pulſe (when thou art well)
Is juſt the tolling of thy paſſing bell:
Night is thy hearſe, whoſe ſable canopie
Covers alike deceaſed day and thee.
And all thoſe weeping dewes which nightly fall,
Are but the tears ſhed for thy funerall.

Dr. King's Poems, p. 138.

TIMES GOE BY TURNES.

THE lopped tree in time may grow againe,
Moſt naked plants renew both fruite and flower:
The ſorrieſt wight may find releaſe of paine,
The dryeſt ſoyle ſucke in ſome moyſtning ſhower,
Times goe by turnes, and chaunces change by courſe,
From foule to faire: from better hap to worſe.

The ſea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
Shee drawes her favours to the loweſt ebbe;
Her tides have equall times to come and goe,
Her loome doth weave the fine and courſeſt webbe.
No joy ſo great, but runneth to an end:
No hap ſo hard, but may in fine amend.

Not alwaies fall of leafe, nor ever ſpring,
No endleſſe night, nor yet eternall day:
The ſaddeſt birds a ſeaſon find to ſing,
The rougheſt ſtorme a calme may ſoone allay.
Thus with ſucceeding turnes God tempereth all:
That man may hope to riſe, yet feare to fall.

A chaunce

A chaunce may winne that by miſchaunce was loſt,
That net that holds no great, takes little fiſh;
In ſome things all, in all things none are croſt,
Fewe all they need, but none have all they wiſh:
Unmeddled joyes here to no man befall:
Who leaſt, hath ſome, who moſt, hath never all.

Robert Southwell.

THE SEARCH AFTER FELICITY.

THE wiſeſt men, that Nature e're could boaſt,
For ſecret knowledge of her power, were loſt,
Confounded, and in deepe amazement ſtood,
In the diſcovery of the Chiefeſt Good:
Keenly they hunted, beat in every bracke,
Forwards they went, on either hand, and backe
Return'd they counter; but their deep-mouth'd art
(Though often challeng'd ſent) yet ne're could ſtart
In all th' encloſures of Philoſophy,
That game, from ſquat, they terme, Felicity:
They jangle, and their maxims diſagree,
As many men, ſo many mindes there be.
One digs to Pluto's throne, thinks there to finde
Her Grace, rak't up in gold: another's minde
Mounts to the Courts of Kings, with plumes of honor
And feather'd hopes, hopes there to ſeize upon her;
A third, unlockes the painted gates of Pleaſure,
And ranſacks there, to find this peerleſſe treaſure,
A fourth, more ſage, more wiſely melancholy,
Perſwades himſelfe, her Deity's too holy

For common hands to touch, he rather chuſes,
To make a long dayes journey to the Muſes:
To Athens (gown'd) he goes, and from that Schoole
Returnes unſped, a more inſtructed foole.
Where lyes ſhe then? or lyes ſhe any where?
Honours are bought and ſold, ſhe reſts not there,
Much leſſe in Pleaſures hath ſhe her abiding,
For they are ſhar'd to Beaſts, and ever ſliding;
Nor yet in Vertue, Vertue's often poore;
And (cruſh't with fortune) begs from doore to door,
Nor is ſhe ſainted in the ſhrine of Wealth;
That, makes men ſlaves, is unſecur'd from ſtealth;
Conclude we then, Felicity conſiſts
Not in exteriour fortunes, but her liſts
Are boundleſſe, and her large extenſion
Out-runnes the paſe of humane apprehenſion;
Fortunes are ſeldome meaſur'd by deſert,
The fairer face, hath oft the fouler heart;
Sacred Felicity doth ne'er extend
Beyond itſelfe; in it, all wiſhes end:
The ſwelling of an outward fortune can
Create a proſp'rous, not a happy man;
A peacefull Conſcience is the true Content,
And Wealth is but her golden ornament.

Job Militant,
13 Med. by F. Quarles.
Edit 1630. Lond.

SCORN

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

WHERE wards are weak, and foes encountring ſtrong,
Where mightier do aſſault then doe defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And ſilent ſees that ſpeech could not amend;
Yet higher powers muſt thinke, though they repine,
When ſunne is ſet, the little ſtarres will ſhine.

While pike do range, the ſilly tench doth flie,
And crouch in privie creekes, with ſmaller fiſh:
Yet pikes are caught when little fiſh goe by,
Theſe fleete aflote, while thoſe doe fill the diſh;
There is a time even for the wormes to creepe,
And ſucke the deaw while all their foes doe ſleepe.

The marline cannot ever ſoare on high,
Nor greedie grey-hound ſtill purſue the chace,
The tender larke will finde a time to flie,
And fearfull hare to runne a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did beſtow,
Gave alſo lowly muſhrumps leave to growe,

In Haman's pompe poor Mordocheus wept;
Yet God did turne his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pinde, while Dives feaſt was kept,
Yet he to Heaven, to Hell did Dives goe.
We trample graſſe, and prize the flowers of May,
Yet graſſe is greene, when flowers doe fade away.

Robert Southwell.

The Diſtinction between WISDOM and KNOWLEDGE.

THE Morall Poets, (nor unaptly) faine
That by lame Vulcans help, the pregnant brain
Of ſoveraigne Jove, brought forth, and at that birth,
Was borne Minerva, Lady of the earth.
O ſtrange Divinity! but ſung by rote;
Sweet is the tune, but in a wilder note,
The morall ſayes, all wiſedome that is given
To hood-wink't mortals, firſt, proceeds from heaven
Truth's errour, Wiſedome's but wiſe inſolence,
And light's but darkneſſe, not deriv'd from thence;
Wiſdom's a ſtraine tranſcends Morality,
No vertue's abſent, Wiſedome being by,
Vertue, by conſtant practice is acquir'd,
This (this by ſweat unpurchaſt) is inſpir'd:
The maſter-piece of knowledge, is to know
But what is good, from what is good in ſhow,
And there it reſts: Wiſdome proceeds, and chuſes
The ſeeming evill, th' apparent good refuſes;

Knowledge

Knowledge deſcries alone; Wiſdome applyes,
That, makes ſome fooles, this, maketh none but wiſe;
The curious hand of Knowledge doth but picke
Bare ſimples, Wiſdome pounds them, for the ſicke;
In my afflictions, Knowledge apprehends,
Who is the author, what the cauſe and ends,
It findes that Patience is my ſad reliefe,
And that the hand that caus'd, can cure my griefe:
To reſt contented here, is but to bring
Clouds without raine, and heat without a ſpring:
What hope ariſes hence? the devils doe
The very ſame: they know and tremble too;
But ſacred Wiſedome doth apply that good,
Which ſimple knowledge barely underſtood:
Wiſedome concludes, and in concluſion, proves
That whereſoever God correct, he loves:
Wiſedome digeſts, what Knowledge did but taſt,
That deales in futures, this, in things are paſt:
Wiſdom's the card of Knowledge, which, without
That guide, at random's wreck't on every doubt:
Knowledge, when Wiſdome is too weak to guide her
Is like a head-ſtrong horſe, that throwes the rider:
Which made that great Philoſopher avow,
He knew ſo much that he did nothing know.

Job. Militant, Med. II. Edit. 1630,
by F. Quarles.

The Insufficiency of monumental honours to preserve the Memory.

YOU mighty Lords, that with respected grace
Do at the stern of fair example stand,
And all the body of this populace
Guide with the turning of your hand;
Keep a right course; bear up from all disgrace;
Observe the point of glory to our Land:

Hold up disgraced Knowledge from the ground;
Keep Virtue in request; give Worth her due.
Let not Neglect with barb'rous means confound
So fair a good, to bring in Night a-new:
Be not, O be not accessary found
Unto her death, that must give life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid
In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd
Your Father's bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your honour truer?

No, no; unsparing Time will proudly send
A warrant unto Wrath, that with one frown
Will all these mockries of vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown;
Poor idle honours, that can ill defend
Your memories, that cannot keep their own.

And

And whereto ſerve that wondrous Trophee now
That on the goodly plain near Walton ſtands?
That huge dumb heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is; nor with whoſe hands,
Nor for whoſe glory—it was ſet to ſhew,
How much our pride mocks that of other Lands.

Whereon when as the gazing Paſſenger
Hath greedy look'd with admiration;
And fain would know his birth, and what he were;
How there erected; and how long agon:
Enquires and aſks his fellow traveller
What he hath heard, and his opinion:

And he knows nothing, then he turns again,
And looks and ſighs; and then admires afreſh,
And in himſelf with ſorrow doth complain
The miſery of dark forgetfulneſs:
Angry with Time that nothing ſhould remain,
Our greateſt Wonders Wonder to expreſs.

Then Ignorance, with fabulous diſcourſe,
Robbing fair Art and Cunning of their right,
Tells how thoſe ſtones were by the Devil's force
From Afric brought to Ireland in a night;
And thence to Britany, by magick courſe,
From Giant's hands redeem'd by Merlin's ſlight;

And then near Ambri plac'd in memory
Of all thoſe noble Britons murther'd there,
By Hengiſt and his Saxon treachery,
Coming to parlee in peace at unaware,
With this old legend then Credulity
Holds her content, and cloſes up her care.

* And as for thee, thou huge and mighty frame,
That ſtands corrupted ſo with Time's deſpite,
And giv'ſt falſe evidence againſt their fame
That ſet thee there to teſtify their right;
And are become a traitor to their name,
That truſted thee with all the beſt they might;

Thou ſhalt ſtand ſtill bely'd and ſlandered,
The only gazing-ſtock of Ignorance,
And by thy guile the wiſe admoniſhed,
Shall never more deſire ſuch hopes t' advance,
Nor truſt their living glory with the dead
That cannot ſpeak, but leave their fame to chance.

Conſid'ring in how ſmall a room do lie,
And yet lie ſafe, (as freſh as if alive)
All thoſe great Worthies of Antiquity,
Which long foreliv'd thee, and ſhall long ſurvive;
Who ſtronger tombs found for Eternity,
Than could the Pow'rs of all the Earth contrive.

Where they remain theſe trifles to upbraid,
Out of the reach of ſpoil, and way of Rage;
Tho' Time with all his Pow'r of years hath laid
Long batt'ry, back'd with undermining Age;
Yet they make head only with their own aid,
And war with his all-conqu'ring forces wage;
Pleading the Heavens preſcription to be free,
And t' have a grant t' endure as long as He.

Muſophilus. by S. Daniel.

* A few lines of inferior merit are here omitted.

THE

THE IDEA BEATIFICAL.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

End, and Beginning of each thing that growes,
Whoſe ſelfe no end, nor yet beginning knowes,
That hath no eyes to ſee, nor ears to heare,
Yet ſees and heares, and is all eye, all eare,
That no whear is contain'd, and yet is every whear,

Changer of all things, yet immutable,
Before and after all, the firſt, and laſt,
That mooving all, is yet immoveable,
Great without quantitie, in whoſe forecaſt,
Things paſt are preſent, things to come are paſt;
Swift without motion, to whoſe open eye,
The hearts of wicked men unbreſted lie,
At once ablent, and preſent to them, farre and nigh.

It is no flaming luſtre, made of light,
No ſweet concent, or well-tim'd harmonie,
Ambroſia, for to feaſt the appetite,
Or flowrie odour mixt with ſpicerie,
No ſoft embrace, or pleaſure bodilily,
And yet it is a kind of inward feaſt,
A harmony, that ſounds within the breaſt,
An odour, light, embrace, in which the ſoule doth reſt.

A heav'nly

A heav'nly feaſt, no hunger can conſume,
A light unſeene, yet ſhines in every place,
A ſound, no time can ſteale, a ſweet perfume
No windes can ſcatter, an entire embrace,
That no ſatietie can ere unlace,
Ingrac't into ſo high a favour, thear
The Saints, with their beaw-peers, whole worlds outwear,
And things unſeene doe ſee, and things unheard doe hear.

Chriſt's Triumph,
Part II. Stan. 38—41.
Ed. 1610. by G. Fletcher,

REFLECTIONS ON DEATH.

TH' Egyptians, amidſt their ſolemne feaſts,
Uſed to welcome, and preſent their gueſts
With the ſad ſight of Man's anatomy,
Serv'd in with this loud motto, "*All muſt die.*"
Fooles often goe about, when as they may
Take better vantage of a neerer way.
Looke well into your boſomes: doe not flatter
Your knowne infirmities: behold, what matter
Your fleſhe was made of: Man, caſt backe thine eye,
Upon the weakneſſe of thine infancy;
See how thy lips hang on thy mother's breſt
Bawling for helpe, more helpleſſe than a beaſt.
Liv'ſt thou to Childhood? then, behold, what toies
Doe mocke the ſenſe, how ſhallow are thy joyes.

Com'ſt

Com'ſt thou to downie yeares? See, how deceits
Gull thee with golden fruit, and with falſe baits
Slily beguile the prime of thine affection.
Art thou attain'd at length to full perfection
Of ripen'd yeares? Ambition hath now ſent
Thee on her frothy errand; Diſcontent
Payes thee thy wages. Doe thy grizly haires
Begin to caſt account of many cares
Upon thy head? The ſacred luſt of gold
Now fires thy ſpirit, for fleſhly luſt too cold,
Makes thee a ſlave to thine owne baſe deſire,
Which melts and hardens at the ſelf ſame fire.
Art thou decrepit? then thy very breath
Is grievous to thee, and each griefe's a death.
Looke where thou liſt, thy life is but a ſpan,
Thou art but duſt, and, to conclude, a Man.
Thy life's a warfare, thou a ſouldier art,
Satan's thy foe-man, and a faithfull heart
Thy two-edg'd weapon, patience thy ſhield,
Heaven is thy Chiefetain, and the world thy field.
To be afraid to die, or wiſh for death,
Are words and paſſions of deſpairing breath:
Who doth the firſt, the day doth faintly yeeld,
And who the ſecond, baſely flies the field.
Man's not a lawfull ſtearſman of his dayes,
His bootleſſe wiſh, nor haſtens nor delayes:
We are God's hired workmen; he diſcharges
Some late at night, and (when he liſt) inlarges
Others at noone, and in the morning, ſome:
None may relieve himſelfe, till he bid come:
If we receive for one halfe day as much
As they that toyle till evening, ſhall we grutch?

Job Militant,
Med. 8. by F. Quarles.
Ed. 1630.

The

The Immortality of the SOUL, implied from its Motion.

———The Soul, which in this earthly mould
The ſpirit of God doth ſecretly infuſe,
Becauſe at firſt ſhe doth th' Earth behold,
And only this material world ſhe views:

At firſt her mother Earth ſhe holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world, and worldly things;
She flies cloſe by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celeſtial wings.

Yet under heav'n ſhe cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot reſt, ſhe cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in Honour, Wealth,
Or Pleaſure of the ſence, contentment find?
Who ever ceas'd to wiſh when he had Health?
Or having Wiſdom was not vext in mind?

With this deſire ſhe hath a native might
To find out every truth if ſhe had time;
Th' innumerable effects to ſort aright,
And by degree from cauſe to cauſe to climb.

But

But ſince our life ſo faſt away doth ſlide,
As doth a hungry Eagle through the wind:
Or as a ſhip tranſported with the tide,
Which in their paſſage leave no print behind;

Of which ſwift little time ſo much we ſpend
While ſome few things we through the ſence do ſtrain,
That our ſhort race of life is at an end,
Ere we the principles of ſkill attain.

Sir John Davies,
p. 68.

The Inſtability of HUMAN GREATNESS.

FOND Man, that looks on Earth for happineſſe,
And here long ſeeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from heav'n by leaſe,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine and rentage due;
Though now but writ, and ſeal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily muſt renew.

Why ſhould'ſt thou here look for perpetuall good,
A every loſſe againſt heav'ns face repining?
Do but behold where glorious Cities ſtood,
With gilded tops, and ſilver turrets ſhining;
There now the Hart fearleſſe of grey-hound feeds,
And loving Pelican in ſafety breeds;
There ſhrieching Satyres fill the people's emptie ſteads.

Where is th' Aſſyrian Lion's golden hide,
That all the Eaſt once graſpt in lordly paw?
Where that great Perſian Beare, whoſe ſwelling pride
The Lion's ſelf tore out with ravenous jaw?
Or he which twixt a Lion and a Pard,
Through all the World with nimble pineons far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdomes ſhar'd?

Hardly the place of ſuch antiquitie,
Or note of theſe great monarchies we finde:
Onely a fading verball memorie,
And empty name in writ is left behinde:
But when this ſecond life, and glory fades,
And ſinks at length in times obſcurer ſhades,
A ſecond fall ſucceeds, and double death invades.

That monſtrous beaſt, which nurſt in Tiber's fenne
Did all the world with hideous ſhape affray;
That fill'd with coſtly ſpoil his gaping denne,
And trode downe all the reſt to duſt and clay:
His batt'ring horns, pull'd out by civil hands,
And iron teeth, lie ſcatter'd on the ſands;
Back't, bridled by a Monk with ſeven heads yoked ſtands.

And that black Vulture, which with deathfull wing
Ore-ſhadowes half the Earth, whoſe diſmal ſight
Frighted the Muſes from their native ſpring,
Already ſtoops, and flagges with weary flight.
Who then ſhall hope for happines beneath;
Where each new day proclaims chance, change and death,
And life itſelf's as flit as is the aire we breathe?

Purple Iſland,
Cant. 7, St. 2—7.
by Ph. Fletcher. Edit. 1633.

FAITH.

F A I T H.

THE proudeſt pitch of that victorious Spirit
Was but to win the World, whereby t' inherite
The ayrie purchaſe of a tranſitory
And glozing title of an age's glory;
Would'ſt thou by conqueſt win more fame than he,
Subdue thyſelfe; thyſelfe's a world to thee.
Earth's but a ball, that Heaven hath quilted ore
With Wealth and Honour, banded on the floore
Of fickle Fortune's falſe and ſlippery Court,
Sent for a Toy, to make us Children ſport,
Man's ſatiate ſpirits with freſh delights ſupplying,
To ſtill the fondlings of the world from crying;
And he, whoſe merit mounts to ſuch a joy,
Gaines but the honour of a mighty toy.
But would'ſt thou conquer, have thy conqueſt crown'd
By hands of Seraphims, trymph'd with the ſound
Of Heaven's loud trumpet, warbled by the ſhrill
Celeſtial quire, recorded with a quill,
Pluckt from the pinion of an Angels wing,
Confirm'd with joy by Heavens eternal King;
Conquer thyſelfe, thy rebel thoughts repell,
And chaſe thoſe falſe affections that rebell.
Hath Heaven deſpoil'd what his full hand hath given thee?
Nipt thy ſucceeding bloſſomes? or bereaven thee,
Of thy deare lateſt hope, thy boſome friend?
Doth ſad Deſpaire deny theſe griefes an end?
Deſpaire's a whiſp'ring rebell, that within thee,
Bribes all thy field, and ſets thy ſelfe agin thee;

Make keene thy faith, and with thy force let flee,
If thou not conquer him, he'll conquer thee:
Advance thy ſhield of Patience to thy head,
And when Griefe ſtriks, 'twil ſtrike the ſtriker dead.
* In adverſe fortunes, be thou ſtrong and ſtout,
And bravely win thyſelfe, Heaven holds not out
His bow for ever bent; the diſpoſition
Of nobleſt ſpirit, doth, by oppoſition,
Exaſperate the more: a gloomy night
Whets on the morning to returne more bright;
† Brave minds, oppreſt, ſhould in deſpight of Fate,
Looke greateſt, like the Sune, in loweſt ſtate.
But, ah! ſhall God thus ſtrive with fleſh and blood?
Receives he glory from, or reapes he good
In mortals ruine, that he leaves man ſo
To be overwhelm'd by this unequall foe?
May not a Potter, that, from out the ground,
Hath fram'd a veſſel, ſearch if it be ſound?
Or if, by furbiſhing, he take more paine
To make it fairer, ſhall the pot complaine?
Mortall, thou art but clay: then ſhall not he,
That fram'd thee for his ſervice, ſeaſon thee?
Man, cloze thy lips; be thou no undertaker
Of God's deſignes; diſpute not with thy Maker.

Job Mil. 3 Med.
Ed. 1638, by F. Quarles.

* Two lines are here omitted.
† Two lines are here omitted.

To

To the Honourable Mr. W. E——.

HE who is good is happy—let the loude
Artillery of Heaven breake through a cloude,
And dart its thunder at him; hee'le remaine
Unmov'd and nobler comfort entertaine
In welcomming th' approach of Death, then Vice,
Ere found in her fictitious Paradiſe.
Time mocks our youth, and (while we number paſt
Delights, and raiſe our appetite to taſte
Enſuing) brings us to unflatter'd Age,
Where we are left to ſatisfie the rage
Of threatning Death: Pompe, Beauty, Wealth, and all
Our Friendſhips, ſhrinking from the funerall.
The thought of this begets that brave diſdaine
With which thou view'ſt the world, and makes thoſe vaine
Treaſures of fancy, ſerious fooles ſo court,
And ſweat to purchaſe, thy contempt or ſport.
What ſhould we covet here? why interpoſe
A cloud twixt us and Heaven? kind Nature choſe
Man's ſoule th' Exchequer where ſhe'd hoord her wealth,
And lodge all her rich ſecrets; but by the ſtealth
Of our owne vanity, w' are left ſo poore,
The creature meerely ſenſuall knowes more.
The learned Halcyon by her wiſdome finds
A gentle ſeaſon, when the ſeas and winds
Are ſilenc't by a calme, and then brings forth
The happy miracle of her rare birth,
Leaving with wonder all our arts poſſeſt,
That view the architecture of her neſt.

Pride raiſeth us 'bove juſtice. We beſtowe
Increaſe of knowledge on old minds, which grow
By age to dotage; while the ſenſitive
Part of the world in its firſt ſtrength doth live.
Folly! what doſt thou in thy power containe
Deſerves our ſtudy? merchants plough the maine,
And bring home th' Indies, yet aſpire to more,
By avarice in the poſſeſſion poore.
And yet that Idol Wealth we all admite
Into the ſoule's great Temple, buſie Wit
Invents new orgies, Fancy frames new rites
To ſhew its ſuperſtition, anxious nights
Are watcht to win its favour; while the beaſt
Content with Nature's courteſie doth reſt.
Let man then boaſt no more a ſoule, ſince he
Hath loſt that great prerogative; but thee
(Whom Fortune hath exempted from the herd
Of vulgar men, whom Vertue hath preferr'd
Farre higher than thy birth) I muſt commend,
Rich in the purchaſe of ſo ſweete a friend.
And though my fate conducts me to the ſhade
Of humble Quiet, my ambition payde
With ſafe content, while a pure Virgin fame
Doth raiſe me trophies in Caſtara's name.
No thought of glory ſwelling me above
The hope of being famed for vertuous love.
Yet wiſh I thee, guided by better ſtarres
To purchaſe unſafe honour in the warres
Or envied ſmiles at Court; for thy great race,
And merits well may challenge th' higheſt place.
Yet know, what buſie path ſo-ere you tread
To Greatneſſe, you muſt ſleepe among the dead.

Caſtara, by W. Habington,
Ed. Lond. 1640.

SIC

SIC VITA.

LIKE to the falling of a ſtarre;
Or as the flights of Eagles are;
Or like the freſh Spring's gaudy hew:
Or ſilver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood;
Or bubbles which on water ſtood;
Even ſuch is Man, whoſe borrow'd light
Is ſtreight call'd in, and paid to night.

The Wind blowes out; the Bubble dies;
The Spring entomb'd in Autumn lies;
The Dew dries up; the Starre is ſhot:
The flight is paſt; and Man forgot.

Dr. King's Poems,
page 139.

To my nobleſt Friend J. C——, Eſquire.

SIR,

I Hate the Countries durt and manners, yet
I love the ſilence; I embrace the wit
And courtſhip, flowing here in a full tide,
But loathe the expence, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy; here I hold
Commerce with ſome, who to my eare unfold
(After a due oath miniſtred) the height
And greatneſſe of each ſtar ſhines in the ſtate,
The brightneſſe, the eclypſe, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of forraigne diſcord flow:
Relate each ſkirmiſh, battle, overthrow,
Soon as they happen; and by rote can tell
Thoſe Germane townes, even puzzle me to ſpell,
The croſſe or proſperous fate of Princes, they
Aſcribe to raſhneſſe, cunning, or delay:
And on each action comment with more ſkill
Then upon Livy, did old Matchavill.
O buſie folly! why doe I my braine
Perplex with the dull pollicies of Spaine,
Or quicke deſignes of France? why not repaire
To the pure innocence of the Country ayre.
And neighbor thee, deare friend? who ſo doſt give
Thy thoughts to worth and vertue, that to live
Bleſt, is to trace thy wayes, there, might not we
Arme againſt Paſſion with Philoſophie;

And by the aide of leiſure, ſo controule
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all ſoule!
Knowledge doth ignorance ingender when
We ſtudy miſteries of other men
And forraigne plots. Doe but in thy owne ſhade
Thy head upon ſome flowry pillow laide,
(Kind Nature's huſwifery) contemplate all
His ſtratagems who labours to inthrall
The world to his great Maſter; and you'le finde
Ambition mockes itſelfe, and graſpes the wind.
Not conqueſt makes us great, blood is too deare
A price for Glory: Honour doth appeare
To ſtateſmen like a viſion in the night,
And juggler-like workes on the deluded ſight.
The unbuſied only wiſe: for no reſpect
Indangers them to error; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equall eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; ſo much him they weigh
As Vertue raiſeth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things; and ſince we find
Time bends us toward death, let's in our mind
Create new Youth, and arme againſt the rude
Aſſaults of age; that no dull ſolitude
Of the Country dead our thoughts, nor buſie care
Of the towne make us not thinke, where now we are
And whether we are bound; Time nere forgot
His journey, though his ſteps we numbred not.

Caſtara, by W. Habington.
Ed. 1640. Lond.

A Farewell to the Vanities of the World.

FAREWELL, ye gilded follies, pleaſing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles;
Fame's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one ſhort day.
Beauty, th' eye's idol but a damaſk'd ſkin;
State but a golden priſon to live in,
And torture free-born minds: embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud ſwelling veins;
And blood ally'd to greatneſs, is alone
Inherited, not purchas'd nor our own,
Fame, honour, beauty, ſtate, train, blood and birth,
Are but the fading bloſſoms of the earth.

I would be great, but that the ſun doth ſtill
Level his rays againſt the riſing hill:
I would be high, but ſee the proudeſt oak
Moſt ſubject to the rending thunder-ſtroke:
I would be rich, but ſee men too unkind,
Dig in the bowels of the richeſt mind:
I would be wiſe, but that I often ſee
The fox ſuſpected, whilſt the aſs goes free:
I would be fair, but ſee the fair and proud
Like the bright ſun, oft ſetting in a cloud:
I would be poor, but know the humble graſs
Still trampled on by each unworthy aſs:
Rich hated: wiſe ſuſpected: ſcorn'd if poor:
Great fear'd: fair tempted: high ſtill envy'd more:
I have wiſh'd all; but now I wiſh for neither;
Great, high, rich, wiſe nor fair; poor I'll be rather.

Would

Would the World now adopt me for her heir,
Would Beauty's Queen entitle me "The Fair,"
Fame ſpeak me Fortune's minion, could I vie
Angels with India; with a ſpeaking eye
Command bare heads, bow'd knees, ſtrike Juſtice dumb,
As well as blind and lame, or give a tongue
To ſtones by epitaphs: be call'd Great Maſter
In the looſe rhimes of every poetaſter?
Could I be more than any man that lives,
Great, fair, rich, wiſe, all in ſuperlatives:
Yet I more freely would theſe gifts reſign,
Than ever fortune would have made them mine,
And hold one minute of this holy leiſure,
Beyond the riches of this empty pleaſure.

Welcome pure thoughts, welcome ye ſilent groves,
Theſe gueſts, theſe courts, my ſoul moſt dearly loves:
Now the wing'd people of the ſky ſhall ſing
My chearful anthems to the gladſome ſpring:
A prayer-book now ſhall be my looking-glaſs,
In which I will adore ſweet Virtues face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace-cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-fac'd fears:
Then here I'll ſit, and ſigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a ſtranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in Heaven again.

Sir H. Wotton.

The

The SHORTNESS of LIFE.

MY glaſs is half unſpent; forbear t' arreſt
My thriftleſs day too ſoon: my poor requeſt
Is that my glaſs may run but out the reſt.

My time-devouring minutes will be done
Without thy help; ſee! ſee how ſwift they run:
Cut not my thread before my thread be ſpun.

The gaines not great I purchaſe by this ſtay;
What loſs ſuſtain'ſt thou by ſo ſmall delay,
To whom ten thouſand years are but a day?

My following eye can hardly make a ſhift
To count my winged hours; they fly ſo ſwift,
They ſcarce deſerve the bounteous name of gift.

The ſecret wheels of hurrying time do give
So ſhort a warning, and ſo faſt they drive,
That I am dead before I ſeem to live.

And what's a life? a weary pilgrimage,
Whoſe glory in one day doth fill the ſtage
With Childhood, Manhood, and decrepit Age.

And what's a life? the flouriſhing array
Of the proud ſummer-meadow, which to-day
Weares her green pluſh, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the ſhades devour
My ſhort-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold theſe lilies, which thy hands have made
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how ſoon they droop, how ſoon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too ſoon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How ſimple is my ſuit! how ſmall my boon!

Nor do I beg this ſlender inch, to wile
The time away, or falſely to beguile
My thoughts with joy; here's nothing worth a ſmile.

Quarles Emblems,
B. 3. Em. 13.

O That

O That thou wouldſt hide me in the Grave, that thou wouldſt keep me in ſecret until thy wrath be paſt.

PSALMS.

AH! whither ſhall I fly? what path untrod
Shall I ſeek out to 'ſcape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God?

Where ſhall I ſojourn? what kind ſea will hide
My head from thunder? where ſhall I abide,
Until his flames be quench'd or laid aſide?

What if my feet ſhould take their haſty flight,
And ſeek protection in the ſhades of night?
Alas! no ſhades can blind the God of Light.

What if my ſoul ſhould take the wings of day,
And find ſome deſert; if ſhe ſpring away,
The wings of Vengeance clip as faſt as they.

What if ſome ſolid rock ſhould entertain
My frighted ſoul? can ſolid rocks reſtrain
The ſtroke of Juſtice and not cleave in twain?

Nor ſea, nor ſhade, nor ſhield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor ſilent deſerts, nor the ſullen grave,
Where flame-ey'd fury means to ſmite, can ſave.

'Tis vain to flee; 'till gentle Mercy ſhew
Her better eye; the farther off we go,
The ſwing of Juſtice deals the mightier blow.

Th'

Th' ingenuous child, corrected, doth not flie
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches with his tears her flaming eye.

Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress, thou that seem'st my foe,
Tis thou that strik'st the stroke, must guard the blow.

Quarles Emblems.

ALL THINGS ARE VAINE.

ALTHOUGH the purple morning, brages in brightness of the sunne
As though he had of chased night, a glorious conquest wonne:
The time by day, gives place againe to force of drowsy night,
And every creature is constrain'd to change his lusty plight.
Of pleasure all that here we taste;
We feele the contrary at laste.

In spring, though pleasant Zephirus hath frutefull earth inspired,
And Nature hath each bush, each branch, with blossomes brave attired:
Yet fruites and flowers, as buds and blomes ful quickly withered be,
When stormie Winter comes to kill, the Sommers jollitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wherein we pleasure most.

Although the Seas ſo calmely glide, as daungers none appeare,
And dout of ſtormes, in ſkie is none, king Phœbus ſhines ſo cleare:
Yet when the boiſtrous windes breake out, and raging waves do ſwel,
The ſeely barke now heaves to heaven, now ſinkes againe to hel,
Thus change in ever thing we ſee,
And nothing conſtant ſeemes to be.

Who floweth moſt in worldly wealth of wealth is moſt unſure,
And he that cheefely taſtes of joy, doth ſometime woe endure:
Who vaunteth moſt of numbred freendes, foregoe them all he muſt,
The faireſt fleſh and livelieſt bloud, is turn'd at length to duſt.
Experience gives a certain ground,
That certen here, is nothing found.

Then truſt to that which aye remaines, the bliſſe of heavens above,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Wind, nor Storme, is able to remove,
Truſt to that ſure celeſtiall rocke, that reſts in glorious throne,
That hath bene, is, and muſt be ſtil, our anker hold alone.
The world is but a vanitie,
In heaven ſeeke we our ſuretie.

The Paradiſe of Daynty Deviſes.
Fol. 18, 44. ſigned F. K.

CHURCH

CHURCH MONUMENTS.

WHILE that my Soul repairs to her devotion,
Here I intomb my fleſh, that it betimes
May take acquaintance of this heap of duſt;
To which the blaſt of Death's inceſſant motion,
Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
Drives all at laſt, therefore I gladly truſt

My body to the School, that it may learn
To ſpell his elements, and finds his birth
Written in duſty herauldry and lines.
Which diſſolution ſure doth beſt diſcern,
Comparing duſt with duſt, and earth with earth.
Theſe laugh at jeat, and marble put for ſigns,

To ſever the good fellowſhip of duſt,
And ſpoil the meeting. What ſhall point out them,
When they ſhall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
To kiſs thoſe heaps, which now they have in truſt?
Dear fleſh, while I do pray, learn here thy ſtem
And true deſcent: that when thou ſhalt grow fat,

And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayſt know,
That fleſh is but the glaſs which holds the duſt
That meaſures all our time; which alſo ſhall
Be crumbled into duſt, mark here below,
How tame theſe aſhes are, how free from luſt,
That thou may'ſt fit thyſelf againſt thy fall.

The Temple, by G. Herbert,
Edit. 1709, p 56.

AGAINST FOREIGN LUXURY.

AND now ye Britiſh ſwaines (whoſe harmeleſſe ſheepe
Then all the worlds beſide I joy to keepe)
Which ſpread on every plaine, and hilly would,
Fleeces no leſſe eſteem'd then that of gold,
For whoſe exchange one Indy jems of price,
The other gives you of her choiceſt ſpice,
And well ſhe may; but we unwiſe, the while,
Leſſen the glory of our fruitfull Iſle:
Making thoſe nations thinke we fooliſh are,
For baſer drugs to vent our richer ware,
Which (ſave the bringer) never profit man,
Except the Sexten and Phyſitian.
And whether change of clymes, or what it be,
That proves our marainers mortalitie,

Such

Such expert men are ſpent for ſuch bad fares
As might have made us Lords of what is theirs.
Stay, ſtay at home, ye nobler ſpirits, and priſe
Your lives more high then ſuch baſe trumperies;
Forbeare to fetch; and they 'le goe neere to ſue,
And at your owne dores offer them to you;
Or have their woods and plaines ſo overgrowne
With poyſnous weeds, roots, gums, and ſeeds unknowne;
That they would hire ſuch weeders as you be
To free their land from ſuch fertilitie.
Their ſpices hot their nature beſt indures,
But 'twill impayre and much diſtemper yours.
What our owne ſoyle affords befits us beſt;
And long and long, for ever may we reſt
Needleſſe of help! and may this Iſle alone
Furniſh all other lands, and this land none!

Brit. Paſt. B. II. Song IV.
by W. Browne. Thomp.
Edit.

OF THE COURTIER'S LIFE.

MYNE own John Poines, ſins ye delight to know
The cauſes why that homeward I me draw,
And flee the preaſe of Courtes, whereſo they goe,
Rather then to live thrall under the awe
Of lordly lookes, wrapped within my cloke,
To will and luſt learning to ſet a law;
It is not, that becauſe I ſtorme or mocke
The power of them, whom Fortune here hath lent
Charge over us, of right to ſtrike the ſtroke;
But true it is, that I have always ment
Leſs to eſteeme them, then the common ſort,
Of outward thinges that judge in their entent,
Without regarde, what inward doth reſort:
I graunt, ſome time of Glory that the fyre,
Doth touch my heart, me liſt not to report:
Blame by honour and honour to deſyre.
But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot dye the colour blacke a lyer?
My Poynes, I cannot frame my tune to fayn,
To cloke the truth, for praiſe, without deſert,
Of them that liſt all vice for to retayne:
I cannot honour them that ſet theyr part
With Venus and Bacchus all their life long;
Nor hold my peace of them, although I ſmart.
I cannot crouche nor knele to ſuch a wronge,

To

To worſhip them like God on Earth alone,
That are as wolves theſe ſely lambes among;
I cannot with my woordes complayne and mone,
And ſuffer nought; nor ſmart without complaint,
Nor turne the word that from my mouth is gone.
I cannot ſpeake and looke like a Saint,
Uſe wyles for wit, and make deſceit a pleaſure,
Call craft counſaile, for lucre ſtill to paynt:
I cannot wreſt the law to fyll the coffer,
With innocent blood to feed myſelf fatte,
And do moſt hurt where that moſt help I offer.
I am not he that can allow the ſtate
Of hye Cæſar, and damne Cato to dye,
That with his death did ſcape out of the gate,
From Cæſer's hands, if Livy doth not lye;
And would not live were Liberty was loſt,
So did his heart the Common Wealth apply.
I am not he, ſuch eloquence to boſt,
To make the crow in ſinging, as the ſwanne;
Nor call the lyon of coward beaſts the moſt,
That cannot take a mouſe as the cat can,
And he that dyeth for honger of the golde,
Call him Alexander, and ſay that Pan
Paſſeth Apollo in muſicke manyfolde,
Praiſe Syr Topas for a noble tale,
And ſcorn the ſtory that the knight tolde.
Praiſe him for counſell that is dronke of ale,
Grinne when he laughes, that beareth all the ſway,
Frowne when he frownes, and grone when he is pale;
On others luſt to hang both night and day,
None of theſe Poines would ever frame in me,
My wit is nought, I cannot learn the way.
And much the leſs of things that greater be,
That aſken helpe of colours to deviſe,
To joyne the meane with eche extremitie,
With nereſt vertue ay to cloke the vyce;
And as to purpoſe likewiſe it ſhall fall,
To preſſe the vertue that it may not ryſe;

As Dronkenneſs good fellowſhip to call,
The frendly foe with his faire double face,
Say he is gentle, and curties therewithall;
Affirme that Favill hath a goodly grace
In eloquence; and cruelty to name,
Zeale of Juſtice; and change in time and place:
And he that ſuffereth offence without blame,
Call him pitefull, and him true and playne,
That rayleth rechleſs unto eche man's ſhame,
Say he is rude, that cannot lye and fayne;
The lecher a lover, and tyranny
To be right of a Prince's raigne.
I cannot I, no no, it will not be.
This is the cauſe that I could never yet,
Hang on their ſleeves the weigh (as thou maiſt ſee)
A chippe of chaunce, more than a pound of wit:
This makes me at home to hunt and hawke,
And in foul weather at my book to ſit,
In froſt and ſnow, then with my bowe ſtalke,
No man doth marke whereſo I ryde or goe,
In luſty leas at libertie I walke;
And of theſe newes I fele no weale no woe,
Save that a clogge doth hang yett at my hele,
No force for that, for that is ordered ſo,
That I may leape both hedge and dyke full wele.
I am not now in France to judge the wyne,
With ſavery ſauce thoſe delicates to feele,
Nor yet in Spayne, where one muſt him incline,
Rather then to be, outwardly to ſeme,
I meddle not with wittes that be ſo fyne,
Nor Flanders chere lettes to my ſight to deme,
Of black and white, nor takes my wittes away,
With beaſtlineſs, ſuch doe thoſe beaſtes eſteme!
Nor I am not, where truth is geven in pay
For money, pryſon and treaſon; of ſome
A common practice uſed night and daye:

But I am here in Kent and Chriſtendome,
Among the Muſes, where I reade and ryme,
Where if thou liſt, mine own John Poynes to come,
Thou ſhalt be judge, how I do ſpende my tyme.

Sir Thomas Wyat.
Tottel's Edit.

The Pleaſures of Literary Retirement.

MY free-borne Muſe will not, like Danae, be
Wonnne with baſe droſſe to clip with ſlavery;
Nor lend her choiſer balme to worthleſſe men,
Whoſe names would die but for ſome hired pen;
No: if I praiſe, Vertue ſhall draw me to it,
And not a baſe procurement make me doe it.
What now I ſing is but to paſſe away
A tedious houre, as ſome muſitians play;
Or make an other my owne griefes bemone;
Or to be leaſt alone when moſt alone,
In this can I, as oft as I will chuſe,
Hug ſweet Content by my retyred muſe,
And in a ſtudy finde as much to pleaſe
As others in the greateſt Palaces.
Each man that lives (according to his powre)
On what he loves beſtowes an idle howre;
Inſtead of hounds that make the wooded hils
Talke in a hundred voyces to the rils,
I like the pleaſing cadence of a line
Strucke by the concert of the ſacred Nine.
In lieu of Hawkes, the raptures of my ſoule
Tranſcend their pitch and baſer earths controule.
For running horſes, Contemplation flyes
With quickeſt ſpeed to winne the greateſt prize,

For courtly dancing, I can take more pleaſure
To heare a verſe keepe time and equall meaſure.
For winning riches, ſeeke the beſt directions
How I may well ſubdue mine owne affections.
For rayſing ſtately pyles for heyres to come,
Here in this poem I erect my toombe.
And time may be ſo kinde, in theſe weake lines
To keepe my name enroll'd, paſt his, that ſhines
In guilded marble, or in brazen leaves:
Since verſe preſerves when ſtone and braſſe deceives.
Or if (as worthleſſe) Time not lets it live
To thoſe full days which others Muſes give,
Yet I am ſure I ſhall be heard and ſung
Of moſt ſevereſt eld, and kinder young
Beyond my dayes, and maugre Envye's ſtrife
Adde to my name ſome houres beyond my life,
Such, of the Muſes, are the able powres,
And, ſince with them I ſpent my vacant houres,
I finde nor hawke, nor hound, nor other thing,
Turnyes nor revels, (pleaſures for a King)
Yeeld more delight; for I have oft poſſeſt
As much in this as all in all the reſt,
And that without expence, when others oft
With their undoings have their pleaſures bought.

Brit. Paſt. B. II. Song IV.
by W. Browne.

ELEGIES

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS.

On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Filmer, an Elegiacall Epitaph.

YOU that ſhall live awhile before
Old Time tyr's, and is no more;
When that this ambitious ſtone
Stoopes low as what it tramples on;
Know that in that Age when Sinne
Gave the World law, and govern'd Queene,
A Virgin liv'd, that ſtill put
White thoughts, though out of faſhion;
That trac't the ſtars ſpite of report,
And durſt be good, though chidden fort:
Of ſuch a ſoule ——————— Heav'n
Repented what it thus had giv'n;
For finding equall happy man,
Th' impatient Pow'rs ſnatcht it agen;
Thus chaſte as th' ayre whither ſhee's fled,
She making her celeſtiall bed
In her warme alabaſter lay
As cold as in this houſe of clay;

Nor were the rooms unfit to feaſt
Or circumſcribe this Angel-gueſt;
The radiant gemme was brightly ſet
In as divine a carkanet;
For which the clearer was not knowne,
Her minde, or her complexion:
Such an everlaſting grace,
Such a beatifick face
Incloyſters here this narrow floore
That poſſeſt all hearts before.
Bleſt and bewayl'd in death and birth!
The ſmiles and teares of Heav'n and Earth!
Virgins at each ſtep are afeard,
Filmer is ſhot by which they ſteer'd,
Their ſtar extinct, their beauty dead
That the yong world to honour led;
But ſee! the rapid ſpheres ſtand ſtill,
And tune themſelves unto her will.
Thus, although this Marble muſt,
As all things crumble into duſt,
And though you finde this faire-built Tombe
Aſhes, as what lyes in its wombe;
Yet her Saint-like name ſhall ſhine
A living glory to this ſhrine,
And her eternall fame be read,
When all, but very Vertue's dead.

Lucaſta. &c, &c.
by Richard Lovelace, Eſq;
Lond. 1649. Ed.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH ON THE LADY MARY VILLERS.

THE Lady Mary Villers lyes
Under this ſtone; with weeping eyes
The Parents that firſt gave her birth,
And their ſad Friends lay'd her in earth:
If any of them (Reader) were
Knowne unto thee, ſhed a teare,
Or if thyſelfe poſſeſſe a gemme,
As deare to thee, as this to them;
Though a ſtranger to this place,
Bewayle in theirs, thine owne hard caſe
For thou perhaps at thy returne
Mayeſt find thy Darling in an urne.

Poems by Tho. Carew Eſq.
Lond. 1640, p. 99.

ON THE EARL OF DORSET'S DEATH

LET no prophane ignoble foot tread here,
This hallowed piece of Earth, Dorſet lyes there:
A ſmall poor relique of a noble ſpirit,
Free as the aire, and ample as his merit:
A ſoul refin'd, no proud forgetting Lord
But mindfull of mean names, and of his word:
Who lov'd men for his honour, not his ends,
And had the nobleſt way of getting friends
By loving firſt, and yet who knew the Court,
But underſtood it better by report
Then practiſe: he nothing took from thence
But the King's favour for his recompence.
Who for Religion, or his Countrey's good,
Neither his honour valued, nor his blood.
Rich in the World's opinion, and men's praiſe,
And full in all we could deſire, but dayes,
He that is warn'd of this, and ſhall forbeare
To vent a ſigh for him, or ſhed a teare,
May he live long ſcorn'd and unpitied fall,
And want a Mourner at his funerall.

Certain Elegant Poems.
Written by Dr. Corbet Biſhop
of Norwich, 1647. Ed. Lond. p. 51.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

FOND wight, who dreamſt of Greatneſs, Glory, State,
And worlds of pleaſures, honours to deviſe,
Awake, learne here that how thou art not great,
Nor glorious; by this Monument turne wiſe.

One it enſhrineth ſprung of ancient ſtemm,
And (if that bloud nobility can make)
Frome which ſome Kings have not diſdain'd to take
Their proud deſcent, a rare and matchleſs gemm.

A beauty here it holds alas, too faſt!
Than which no blooming roſe was more refin'd,
Nor morning's bluſh more radiant ever ſhin'd,
Ah! too too like to Morne and Roſe at laſt.

It holds her who in Wit's aſcendant far
Did yeares and ſex tranſcend, to whom the Heaven
More vertue than to all this age had given,
For Vertue meteor turn'd, when ſhe a ſtar.

Faire

Faire Mirth, ſweet Converſation, Modeſty,
And what thoſe Kings of numbers did conceive
By Muſes Nine, and Graces more than three,
Lye clos'd within the compaſſe of this grave.
Thus Death all earthly glories doth confound,
Loe! how much worth a little duſt doth bound.

Drummond's Poems, 8vo. 1656, p. 198.

An ELEGY on the Death of PHILARETE, i. e. Mr. THO. MANWOOD, the Author's Friend, and Son of Sir PETER MANWOOD, Knight.

UNDER an aged oke was Willy laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rockes
To ring with joy whilſt on his pipe he plaid,
And from their maſter's wood the neighb'ring flocks;
But now o'recome with dolors deepe
That nie his heart-ſtrings rent:
Ne car'd he for his ſilly ſheepe,
Ne car'd for merriment.
But chang'd his wonted walkes
For uncouth paths unknowne,
Where none but trees might hear his plaints,
And eccho rue his mone.

Autumne it was, when droopt the ſweeteſt floures,
And rivers (ſwolne with pride) ore-look'd the banks,
Poore grew the day of Summer's golden houres,
And void of ſap ſtood Ida's cedar-rankes,
The pleaſant meadows ſadly lay
In chill and cooling ſweats,
By riſing fountaines, or as they
Fear'd Winter's waſtfull threats.
Againſt the broad-ſpread oke,
Each wind in furie beares;
Yet fell their leaves not halfe ſo faſt
As did the Shepheard's teares.

As was his ſeate ſo was his gentle heart,
Meeke and dejected, but his thoughts as hie
As thoſe aye-wandring lights, who both impart
Their beames on us, and heaven ſtill beautifie.
Sad was his looke (O heavy fate!
That ſwaine ſhould be ſo ſad,
Whoſe merry notes the forlorne mate
With greateſt pleaſure clad)
Broke was his tunefull pipe
That charm'd the chriſtall floods,
And thus his griefe tooke airie wings
And flew about the woods.

"Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And Night too ſparing of a wiſhed ſtay,
Yee wand'ring lampes; O be ye fixt a ſpace!
Some other Hemiſphere grace with your ray.
Great Phœbus! Daphne is not heere,
Nor Hyacinthus faire;
Phœbe, Endimion, and thy deere
Hath long ſince cleft the aire,
But ye have ſurely ſeene
(Whom we in ſorrow miſſe)
A ſwaine whom Phœbe thought her love
And Titan deemed his.

But

But he is gone; then inwards turn your light,
Behold him there; here never ſhall you more,
O're-hang this ſad plaine with eternall night!
Or change the gaudy greene ſhe whilome wore
To fenny blacke. Hyperion great
To aſhy paleneſſe turne her!
Greene well befits a lover's heate,
But blacke beſeemes a mourner.
Yet neither this thou can'ſt,
Nor ſee his ſecond birth,
His brightneſſe blinds thine eye more now,
Then thine did his on earth.

Let not a ſhepheard on our hapleſſe plaines,
Tune notes of glee, as uſed were of yore:
For Philarete is dead, let mirthfull ſtraines
With Philarete ceaſe for evermore!
And if a fellow ſwaine doe live
A niggard of his teares;
The ſhepheardeſſes all will give
To ſtore him, part of theirs.
Or I would lend him ſome,
But that the ſtore I have
Will all be ſpent before I pay
The debt I owe his grave.

O what is left can make me leave to mone!
Or what remains but doth increaſe it more?
Looke on his ſheepe; alas! their maſter's gone.
Looke on the place where we two heretofore
With locked armes have vow'd our love,
(Our love which time ſhall ſee
In ſhepheards ſongs for ever move,
And grace their harmony)
It ſolitarie ſeemes.
Behold our flowrie beds;
Their beauties fade, and violets
For ſorow hang their heads.

'Tis

'Tis not a cypreſſe bough, a count'nance ſad,
A mourning garment, wailing elegie,
A ſtanding herſe in ſable veſture clad,
A toombe built to his name's eternitie.
Although the ſhepheards all ſhould ſtrive
By-yearly obſequies,
And vow to keepe thy fame alive
In ſpite of Deſtinies,
That can ſuppreſſe my griefe;
All theſe, and more may be,
Yet all in vain to recompence
My greateſt loſſe of thee.

Cypreſſe may fade, the countenance be chang'd,
A garment rot, an elegie forgotten,
A herſe 'mongſt irreligious rites be ranged,
A tombe pluckt down, or els through age be rotten:
All things th' unpartial hand of Fate
Can raſe out with a thought:
Theſe have a ſev'ral fixed date,
Which ended, turn to nought.
Yet ſhall my trueſt cauſe
Of ſorrow firmely ſtay,
When theſe effects the wings to Time
Shall fanne and ſweepe away.

Looke as a ſweet roſe fairely budding forth
Bewrayes her beauties to the enamour'd morne,
Untill ſome keene blaſt from the envious North
Killes the ſweet bud that was but newly borne,
Or els her rareſt ſmels delighting
Make her herſelfe betray
Some white and curious hand inviting
To pluck her thence away.
So ſtands my mournfull caſe,
For had he been leſſe good,
Yet (uncorrupt) he had kept the ſtocke
Whereon he fairly ſtood.

Yet though ſo long he liv'd not as he might,
He had the time appointed to him given.
Who liveth but the ſpace of one poor night,
His birth, his youth, his age is in that even.
Whoever doth the period ſee
Of dayes by Heav'n forth plotted,
Dyes full of age, as well as he
That had more yeares allotted.
In ſad tones then my verſe
Shall with inceſſant teares
Bemoane my hapleſſe loſſe of him
And not his want of yeares.

In deepeſt paſſions of my grief-ſwolne breaſt
(Sweete Soule!) this onely comfort ſeizeth me,
That ſo few yeeres ſhould make thee ſo much bleſt,
And gave ſuch wings to reach eternitie.
Is this to die? no, as a ſhip
Well built, with eaſy wind
A lazy hulk doth farre outſtrip,
And ſooneſt harbour find:
So Philarete fled,
Quicke was his paſſage given,
When others muſt have longer time
To make them fit for Heaven.

Then not for thee theſe briny teares are ſpent,
But as the Nightingale againſt the breere,
'Tis for myſelfe I moane, and doe lament,
Not that thou left'ſt the world, but left'ſt me here:
Here, where without thee all delights
Faile of their pleaſing powre:
All glorious daies ſeeme ugly nights,
Methinks no Aprill ſhowre
Embroder ſhould the earth,
But briny teares diſtill,
Since Flora's beauties ſhall no more
Be honour'd by thy quill.

And

And ye his ſheepe (in token of his lacke)
Whilome the faireſt flocke on all the plaine:
Yeane never lambe, but be it cloath'd in blacke.
Ye ſhady ſiccamours! when any ſwaine,
To carve his name upon your rind
Doth come, where his doth ſtand,
Shed drops, if he be ſo unkind
To raze it with his hand.
And thou, my loved Muſe,
No more ſhould'ſt numbers move,
But that his name ſhould ever live,
And after death my love.

This ſaid, he ſigh'd, and with o're drowned eyes
Gaz'd on the Heavens for what he miſt on Earth;
Then from the earth, full gladly gan ariſe
As far from future hope, as preſent mirth,
Unto his cote with heavy pace
As ever ſorrow trode,
He went, with mind no more to trace
Where mirthful ſwaines abode,
And as he ſpent the day
The night he paſt alone;
Was never Shepheard lov'd more deere,
Nor made a truer mone.

The Shepheard's Pipe,
Eclogue 4, by W. Browne.

An ELEGY on the late Lord WILLIAM HOWARD, Baron of EFFINGHAM, dead the 10th of December, 1615.

I Did not know thee, Lord, nor doe I ſtrive
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords alive.
The dead I ſerve, from whence nor faction can
Move me, nor favour; nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no penance warnes, nor portion ſpent,
To theſe I dedicate as much of me.
As I can ſpare from my owne huſbandry:
And 'till ghoſts walke, as they were wont to doe,
I trade for ſome, and doe theſe errants too;
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd,
What tryals in their journies they endur'd,
What certainties of honour and of worth,
Their moſt uncertaine life-times have brought forth:
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my patron, dy'd he rich or poore.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace,
When Flattery and Envy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions, Reaſon, or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie upon a word,
A badge of title, or above all chance,
Seem'd he as ancient as his cogniſance?
What did he? acts of mercy, and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his traine?

Was

Was his eſſentiall table full as free
As boaſts and invitations uſe to be?
Where if his ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his ſatten-man would fill him wine?
Did he thinke perjury as lov'd a ſinne,
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlave had beene?
Did he ſeeke regular pleaſures? was he knowne
Juſt huſband of one wife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he give freely without pauſe or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well-deſerving client aſke,
Would he beſtow a Tilting or a Maſke
To keepe need vertuous? and that done not feare
What Lady damn'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no man's fall?
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall?
And when he did his rich apparell don,
Put he no widow, nor an orphan on?
Did he love ſimple vertue for the thing?
The King for no reſpect but for the King?
But above all, did his Religion wait
Upon God's Throne, or on the Chaire of State?
He that is guiltie of no Quære here,
Out-laſts his epitaph, oulives his heire.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negative goodneſſe ever had?
Of ſuch a Lord we may expect the birth,
He's rather in the wombe than on the earth.
And 'twere a crime in ſuch a publike fate,
For one to live well and degenerate;
And therefore I am angry, when a name
Comes to upbraid the world like Effingham.
Nor was it modeſt in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art,
Ere thy reproach was ready; or to dye,
Ere cuſtome had prepar'd thy calumny.

Eight dayes have paſt ſince thou haſt paid thy debt
To ſinne, and not a libell ſtirring yet,
Courtiers that ſcoffe by Patent, ſilent ſit,
And have no uſe of ſlander or of wit;
But (which is monſtrous) though againſt the tide,
The watermen have neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no diſtinction known,
For in thy praiſe the good and bad are one.
It ſeemes we all are covetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchaſe of good name
Thou lately mad'ſt, are carefull to encreaſe
Our title by the holding of ſome leaſe
From thee our Land-Lord, and for that th' whole crue
Speake now like tenants ready to renew;
It were too ſad to tell thy pedegree,
Death hath diſorder'd all, miſplacing thee,
Whilſt now thy Herauld in his line of heires
Blots out thy name, and fills the ſpace with teares.
And thus hath conqu'ring death, or nature rather,
Made thee, prepoſtrous, ancient to thy father,
Who grieves th' art ſo, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearſe; he therefore that would write
And blaze thee thoroughly, may at once ſay all
Here lies the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well paid, when ſhe is ſung and heard.

Corbet's Poems.
p. 22, 1647. Ed. Lond.

ELEGY

ELEGY ON DR. AILMER.

NO, no, he is not dead; the mouth of Fame,
Honor's ſhrill Herald, would preſerve his name,
And make it live in ſpite of death and duſt,
Were there no other heaven, no other truſt.
He is not dead: the ſacred Nine deny,
The ſoule that merits fame, ſhould ever dye;
He lives; and when the lateſt breath of fame
Shall want her trumpe to glorify a name,
He ſhall ſurvive, and theſe ſelfe-cloſed eyes,
That now lie ſlumbring in the duſt ſhall riſe,
And fill'd with endleſſe glory, ſhall enjoy
The perfect viſion of eternall joy.

13 El. by F. Quarles.
Subjoined to Sion's Elegies,
1630.—Ed.

On the Death of a SCOTCH NOBLEMAN.

FAME, regiſter of Time,
Write in thy ſcrowle, that I
Of Wiſdome lover, and ſweet Poeſie,
Was cropped in my prime:
And ripe in worth, though greene in yeares did dye.

Drummond, p. 203.
Small 8vo. Ed.

MORS TUA.

METHINKES, I ſee the nimble aged Sire
Paſſe ſwiftly by, with feet unapt to tire;
Upon his head an Hower-glaſſe he weares,
And in his wrinkled hand a ſythe he beares,
(Both inſtruments, to take the lives from men)
Th' one ſhewes with what, the other ſheweth when.
Methinkes, I heare the dolefull paſſing-bell,
Setting an onſet on his louder knell;
(This moody muſick of impartiall death
Who dances after dances out of breath).

Methinkes

Methinkes I ſee my deareſt friends lament,
With ſighes and teares, and wofull dryriment,
My tender wife and children ſtanding by.
Dewing the Death-bed, whereupon I lye:
Methinkes, I hear a voice (in ſecret) ſay,
"*Thy glaſſe is runne, and thou muſt dye to-day.*"

Pentelogia, by F. Quarles.
Lond. 1630.

Upon the Death of CHARLES the Firſt.

Written with the Point of his Sword.

GREAT, good, and juſt! could I but rate
My grief to thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to ſuch a ſtrain,
As it ſhould deluge once again.
But ſince thy loud-tongu'd blood demands ſupplies,
More from Briareus hands, than Argus eyes,
Il'e ſing thee obſequies with trumpet ſounds
And write thy Epitaph in blood and wounds.

MONTROSE.

Printed amongſt Poems by J. Cleaveland,
1665, Lond. Ed. See likewiſe, A
Choice Collection of Comic and Se-
rious Scots Poems. Edinburgh 1713.

AN ELEGY

Upon the Honourable HENRY CAMBELL, Sonne to the Earle of A R.

IT's falſe Arithmaticke to ſay thy breath
Expir'd to ſoone, or irreligious death
Prophan'd thy holy youth; for if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy vertues or our teares,
Thou didſt the old Methuſalem outlive.
Though Time, but twenty yeares account can give
Of thy abode on earth, yet every houre
Of thy braye youth by vertue's wondrous powre
Was lengthen'd to a yeare, each well-ſpent day
Keepes young the body, but the ſoule makes gray.
Such miracles workes goodneſſe; and behind
Thou 'aſt left to us ſuch ſtories of thy minde
Fit for example; that when them we read,
We envy Earth the treaſure of the dead.
Why doe the ſinfull riot and ſurvive
The feavers of their ſurfets? why alive
Is yet diſorder'd Greatneſſe, and all they
Who the looſe lawes of their wilde blood obey?
Why lives the gameſter, who doth blacke the night
With cheats and imprecations? Why is light

Looked

Looked on by thoſe whoſe breath may poiſon it:
Who ſold the vigor of their ſtrength and wit
To buy diſeaſes: and thou, who faire truth
And vertue didſt adore, loſt in thy youth?
But Ile not queſtion fate: Heaven doth conveigh
Thoſe firſt from the darke priſon of their clay
Who are moſt fit for Heaven. Thou in warre
Hadſt tane degrees, thoſe dangers felt, which are
The props on which peace ſafely doſt ſubſiſt,
And through the cannons blew and horrid miſt
Hadſt brought her light; and now wert ſo compleat
That naught but death did want to make thee great.
Thy death was timely then bright ſoule to thee,
And in thy fate thou ſuffer'dſt not; 'twas we
Who dyed rob'd of thy life: in whoſe increaſe
Of reall glory both in warre and peace,
We all did ſhare: and thou away we feare
Didſt with thee, the whole ſtocke of honour beare.
Each then be his own mourner: we'll to thee
Write hymnes, upon the world an elegie.

Caſtara, 1640. Edit.
by W. Habington, Eſq.

THE

THE EXEQUY.

ACCEPT thou Shrine of My dead Saint
Inſteed of dirges this complaint;
And for ſweet flowres to crown thy hearſe,
Receive a ſtrew of weeping verſe
From thy griev'd friend, whom thou might'ſt ſee
Quite melted into tears for thee.
Dear loſs! ſince thy untimely fate
My taſk hath been to meditate
On thee, on thee: thou art the book,
The library whereon I look
Though almoſt blind, for thee (lov'd clay)
I languiſh out not live the day,
Uſing no other exerciſe
But what I practiſe with mine eyes:
By which wet glaſſes I find out
How lazily Time creeps about
To one that mourns: this, onely this
My exerciſe and bus'neſs is:
So I compute the weary houres
With ſighs diſſolved into ſhow'res.
Nor wonder if my time go thus
Backward and moſt prepoſterous;
Thou haſt benighted me, thy ſet,
This Eve of blackneſs did beget,
Who waſt my day, (though overcaſt
Before thou hadſt thy noontide paſt)

And

And I remember muſt in tears,
Thou ſcarce hadſt ſeen ſo many years
As day tells houres, by thy clear Sun
My love and fortune firſt did run;
But thou wilt never more appear
Folded within my hemiſphear,
Since both thy light and motion
Like a fled ſtar is fall'n and gon,
And twixt me and my ſoules dear wiſh
The earth now interpoſed is,
Which ſuch a ſtrange eclipſe doth make
As ne're was read in Almanake.
I could allow thee for a time
To darken me and my ſad clime
Were it a month, a year, or ten,
I would thy exile live till then;
And all that ſpace my mirth adjourn,
So thou would'ſt promiſe to return;
And putting off thy aſhy ſhrowd
At length diſperſe this ſorrow's cloud.
But woe is me! the longeſt date
Too narrow is to calculate
Theſe empty hopes: never ſhall I
Be ſo much bleſt as to deſcry
A glimpſe of thee, till that day come
Which ſhall the earth to cinders doome,
And a fierce feaver muſt calcine
The body of this world like thine,
(My little world!) that fit of fire
Once off, our bodies ſhall aſpire
To our ſoules bliſs: then we ſhall riſe,
And view ourſelves with cleerer eyes
In that calm region, where no night
Can hide us from each others ſight.
Mean time, thou haſt her Earth: much good
May my harm do thee, ſince it ſtood

With

With Heaven's will I might not call
Her longer mine, I give thee all
My ſhort-liv'd right and intereſt
In her, whom living I lov'd beſt:
With a moſt free and bounteous grief,
I give thee what I could not keep.
Be kind to her, and prethee look
Thou write into thy doomſ-day book
Each parcel of this Rarity
Which in thy caſket ſhrin'd doth ly:
See that thou make thy reck'ning ſtreight,
And yield her back again by weight;
For thou muſt audit on thy truſt
Each graine and atome of this duſt,
As thou wilt anſwer *Him* that lent,
Not gave thee my dear monument.
So cloſe the ground, and 'bout her ſhade
Black curtains draw, my Bride is laid.
Sleep on, my Love, in thy cold bed
Never to be diſquieted!
My laſt good night! thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate ſhall overtake:
Till age, or grief, or ſickneſs muſt
Marry my body to that duſt
It ſo much loves; and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in thy tomb.
Stay for me there; I will not faile
To meet thee in that hollow vale.
And think not much of my delay:
I am already on the way,
And follow thee with all the ſpeed
Deſire can make, or ſorrows breed,
Each minute is a ſhort degree,
And ev'ry houre a ſtep towards thee.
At night when I betake to reſt,
Next morn I riſe neerer my weſt

Of life, almoſt by eight houres ſaile,
Then when ſleep breath'd his drowſie gale.
Thus from the Sun my bottom ſtears
And my dayes compaſs downward bears:
Nor labour I to ſtemme the tide
Through which to thee I ſwiftly glide.
'Tis true, with ſhame and grief I yield,
Thou like the vann firſt took'ſt the field,
And gotten haſt the victory
In thus adventuring to dy
Before me, whoſe more years might crave
A juſt precedence in the grave.
But heark! my pulſe like a ſoft drum
Beats my approach, tells Thee I come;
And ſlow howere my marches be,
I ſhall at laſt-fit down by Thee.
The thought of this bids me go on,
And wait my diſſolution
With hope and comfort, Dear (forgive
The crime) I am content to live
Divided, with but half a heart,
Till we ſhall meet and never part.

Dr. King's Poems. p. 57.

Of

Of my deare Sonne, GERVASE BEAUMONT.

CAN I, who have for others oft compil'd
The ſongs of Death, forget my ſweeteſt child,
Which like a flow'r cruſht, with a blaſt is dead,
And ere full time hangs downe his ſmiling head,
Expecting with cleare hope to live anew,
Among the Angels fed with heav'nly dew?
We have this ſigne of joy, that many dayes,
While on the earth his ſtruggling ſpirit ſtayes,
The name of Jeſus in his mouth contains
His onely food, his ſleepe, his eaſe from paines.
O may that ſound be rooted in my mind
Of which in him ſuch ſtrong effect I find.
Deare Lord, receive my Sonne, whoſe winning love
To me was like a friendſhip, farre above
The courſe of nature, or his tender age,
Whoſe lookes could all my bitter griefes aſſwage;
Let his pure ſoule ordain'd ſev'n yeeres to be
In that fraile body, which was part of me,
Remaine my pledge in Heav'n, as ſent to ſhew,
How to this port at ev'ry ſtep I goe.

Boſworth Field, with other
Poems, by Sir John Beaumont.
Lond. 1629. Ed.

The

The Funerals of the Honourable, my beſt friend and Kinſman, GEORGE TALBOT Eſq;

GOE ſtop the ſwift-wing'd moments in their flight
To their yet unknowne coaſt, goe hinder night
From its approach on day, and force day riſe
From the faire Eaſt of ſome bright beauties eyes:
Elſe vaunt not the proud miracle of verſe.
It hath no powre, for mine from his blacke herſe
Redeemes not Talbot, who could as the breath
Of Winter, coffin'd lyes; ſilent as Death,
Stealing on th' Anch'rit, who even wants an eare
To breath into his ſoft expiring prayer.
For had thy life beene by thy virtues ſpun
Out to a length, thou hadſt out-liv'd the Sunne
And cloſ'd the world's great eye: or were not all
Our wonders fiction, from thy funerall
Thou hadſt received new life, and liv'd to be
The conqueror o'er Death, inſpir'd by me.
But all we poets glory in is vaine
And empty triumph: Art cannot regaine
One poore houre loſt, nor reſkew a ſmall flye
By a fcole's finger deſtinate to dye.
Live then in thy true life (great ſoule) for ſet
At liberty by Death thou oweſt no debt

T'

T' exacting Nature: live, freed from the ſport
Of time and fortune in yond' ſtarry court
A glorious potentate, while we below
But faſhion wayes to mitigate our woe.
We follow campes, and to our hopes propoſe
Th' inſulting victor; not remembring thoſe
Diſmemberd trunkes who gave him victory
By a loath'd fate: we covetous merchants be
And to our aymes pretend treaſure and ſway,
Forgetfull of the treaſons of the ſea,
The ſhootings of a wounded conſcience
We patiently ſuſtaine to ſerve our ſence
With a ſhort pleaſure; ſo we empire gaine
And rule the fate of buiſneſſe, the ſad paine
Of action we contemne, and the affright
Which with pale viſions ſtill attends our night.
Our joyes falſe apparitions, but our feares
Are certain prophecies, and till our eares
Reach that celeſtiall muſique, which thine now
So cheerefully receive, we muſt allow
No comfort to our griefes: from which to be
Exempted, is in death to follow thee.

Caſtara. 1640. Lond. Ed.
by W. Habington.

On

On two Children dying of one diſeaſe, and buried in one grave.

BROUGHT forth in ſorrow, and bred up in care,
Two tender Children here entombed are:
One place, one Sire, one Womb their being gave,
They had one mortal Sickneſs, and one grave,
And though they cannot number many years
In their account, yet with their Parents tears
This comfort mingles; though their dayes were few
They ſcarcely ſinne, but never ſorrow knew:
So that they well might boaſt, they carry'd hence
What riper ages loſe, their innocence,
You pretty loſſes, that revive the fate
Which in your Mother Death did antedate,
O let my high-ſwoln grief diſtill on you
The ſaddeſt drops of a Parentall dew:
You aſk no other dower then what my eyes
Lay out on your untimely exequies:
When once I have diſcharg'd that mournfull ſkore,
Heav'n hath decreed you ne're ſhall coſt me more,
Since you releaſe and quit my borrow'd truſt,
By taking this inheritance of duſt.

Dr. King's Poems, p. 60.

To the Memory of BEN JONSON, Laureat.

FATHER of Poets, though thine own great day
Struck from thyſelf, ſcorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in luſtre with it, yet my flame
Kindled from thine, flies upward towards thy name:
For in the acclamation of the leſs
There's piety, though from it no acceſs:
And though my ruder thoughts make me of thoſe
Who hide and cover what they ſhould diſcloſe,
Yet where the luſtre's ſuch, he makes it ſeen
Better to ſome that draws the veil between.
And what can more be hop'd, ſince that divine
Free filling ſpirit takes its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now,
Like Witches charm, yet not know whence, nor how,
And through diſtemper grown not ſtrong, but fierce,
Inſtead of writing, only rave in verſe;
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confeſt
'Twas not to be inſpir'd, but be poſſeſt.
Where ſhall we find a Muſe like thine, that can
So well preſent, and ſhew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the geſtures, but the heart?
Where one ſo ſhewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'ſt cuſtome, and not cuſtome thee;

Manners

Manners were themes, and to thy ſcenes ſtill flow
In the ſame ſtream, and are their comments now;
Theſe times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not ſo much Wit, as Prophecie;
And though we know the character, nay and ſwear
A Sybil's finger hath been buſie there.
Things common thou ſpeak'ſt proper, which though known
For publike, ſtamp'd by Thee, grow thence thine own;
Thy thought's ſo ordered, ſo expreſs'd, that we
Conclude that thou didſt not diſcourſe, but ſee:
Language ſo maſter'd that thy numerous feet
Laden with genuine words do alwaies meet
Each in his art, nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the Poet, like the wiſe men, all
Thine equall ſkill thus wreſting nothing, made
Thy pen ſeem not ſo much to write, as trade.
That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or ſhew, proportion'd Decency,
Is not found ſcatter'd in thee here or there,
But like the ſoul is wholly every where;
No ſtrange perplexed maze doth paſs for plot,
Thou alwaies doſt unty, not cut the knot:
Thy labyrinth's doors are open'd by one thread,
Which tyes and runs through all that's done or ſaid;
No Power comes down with learned hat or rod,
Wit onely and Contrivance is thy God.
'Tis eaſie to gild gold, there's ſmall ſkill ſpent
Where ev'n the firſt rude maſs is ornament;
Thy Muſe took harder metals, purg'd and boyl'd,
Labour'd and try'd, heated and beat, and toyl'd,
Sifted the droſs, fyl'd roughneſs, then gave dreſs,
Vexing rude ſubjects into comelineſs;
Be it thy glory then that we may ſay,
Thou runeſt where the foot was hind'red by the way.
Nor doſt thou powre out, but diſpence thy vein,
Skill'd when to ſpare, and when to entertain;

Not like our Wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can ſay and their friends too:
Pumping themſelves for one Terms noiſe ſo dry
As if they made their wills in poetry.
And ſuch ſpruce compoſitions preſs the Stage
When men tranſcribe themſelves and not the Age;
Both ſorts of Plays are thus like pictures ſhown,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.
Thy models yet are not ſo fram'd as we
May call them libels, and not imag'ry;
No name on any baſis; 'tis thy ſkill
To ſtrike the vice, but ſpare the perſon ſtill:
As He who when he ſaw the ſerpent wreath'd
About his ſleeping Son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his ſoul, did ſo the ſhoot contrive,
To kill the beaſt, but keep the child alive;
So doſt thou aime thy darts, which even when
They kill the poiſons, do but wake the men.
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than an other's cure;
And juſtly too, for th' Age grows more unſound
From the fool's balſam, than the wiſe man's wound.
No rotten talk breaks for a laugh; no Page
Commenc'd man by th' inſtructions of thy Stage;
No barganing line there; no provoc'tive verſe;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearſe;
No need to make good count'nance ill, and uſe
The plea of ſtrict life for a looſer Muſe;
No woman rul'd thy quill: we can deſcry
No verſe born under any Cynthia's eye;
Thy ſtar was Judgement only and right Senſe,
Thy ſelf being to thyſelf an influence:
Stout Beauty is thy Grace; ſtern pleaſures do
Preſent delights, but mingle horrours too:
Thy Muſe doth thus like Jove's fierce Girl appear,
With a fair hand, but graſping of a ſpear.

Where are they now that cry thy lamp did drink
More Oyl than th' Author wine while he did think?
We do embrace their ſlander; thou haſt writ
Not for diſpatch, but fame; no market wit;
'Twas not thy care that it might paſs and ſel,
But that it might endure, and be done well;
Nor would'ſt thou venture it unto the ear,
Untill the file would not make ſmooth, but wear:
Thy Verſe came ſeaſon'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the Author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer Judges roſe a ſtrife,
To make thee read a Claſſick in thy life.
Thoſe that do hence applauſe, and ſuffrage beg,
Cauſe they can Poems form upon one leg,
Write not to Time, but to the Poet's day;
There's difference between Fame and ſudden pay:
Theſe men ſing Kingdoms fals as if that Fate
Us'd the ſame force to a Village and a State;
Theſe ſerve Thyeſtes' bloody Supper in,
As if it only had a ſallad been;
Their Catilines are but fencers, whoſe fights riſe
Not to the fame of Battell but of Prize.
But thou ſtill putſt true paſſions on; doſt write
With the ſame courage that tri'd captains fight;
Giv'ſt the right bluſh and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without loſs of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without ſwelling, without painting, fair;
They, wretches, while they cannot ſtand to fit,
Wits are not, but materials of wit.
What though thy ſearching Muſe did rake the duſt
Of Time, and purge old metals of their ruſt?
Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
Snatch ſhipwracks from the deep as divers do?
And reſcue jewels from the covetous ſand,
Making the Sea's hid wealth adorn the Land?

What though thy culling Muſe did rob the ſtore
Of Greek and Latine Gardens, to bring o'er
Plants to thy native ſoyl? their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here:
If thy ſtill to their eſſence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become Juſt Works; they and their grace
Are wholly thine; thus doth the ſtamp and face
Make that the King's that's raviſh'd from the mine;
In others then 'tis oare, in thee 'tis coin.
Bleſt life of Authors unto whom we owe
Thoſe that we have, and thoſe that we want too;
Thou art all ſo good that reading makes thee worſe,
And to have writ ſo well's thine onely curſe;
Secure then of thy merit, thou didſt hate
That ſervile baſe dependance upon Fate;
Succeſs thou ne'er thought'ſt Vertue, nor that fit
Which Chance, or th' Ages Faſhion did make hit;
Excluding thoſe from life in after-time,
Who into Po'try firſt brought luck and rime;
Who thought the Peoples breath good air, ſtil'd name
What was but noiſe, and getting briefs for fame
Gather'd the many's ſuffrages, and thence
Made commendations a benevolence:
Thy thoughts were thy own lawrell, and did win
That beſt applauſe of being crown'd within.
And though th' exacting Age, when deeper years
Had interwoven ſnow among thy heirs,
Would not permit thou ſhouldſt grow old, 'cauſe they
Ne'er by their writing knew thee young; we may
Say juſtly, they're ungratefull, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cauſe thou wert ſo good before:
Thine art was thine acts blur, and they'l confeſs
Thy ſtrong perfumes made them not ſmell thee leſs:
But, though to err with thee be no ſmall ſkill,
And we adore the laſt draughts of thy quill;

Though

Though thoſe thy thoughts, which the now queaſie Age
Doth count but clods, and refuſe of the Stage,
Will come up porcelane wit ſome hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners and more ſence;
'Twas judgement yet to yeeld, and we afford
Thy ſilence as much fame as once thy word:
Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Waſt food before, and now religion;
Thought ſtill more rich, though not ſo richly ſtor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
Great ſoul of numbers, whom we want and boaſt,
Like curing gold, moſt valu'd now thou 'rt loſt;
When we ſhall feed on refuſe offals, when
We ſhall from corn to akorns turn agen;
Then ſhall we ſee that theſe two names are one
Jonſon and *Poetry*, which now are gone.

Comed. Trag. Com. with other
Poems by W. Cartwright.
Lond. 1651. Ed.

Upon the Earle of Coventryes departure from us to the Angels.

SWEET Babe, whoſe birth inſpir'd me with a ſong,
And call'd my Muſe to trace thy dayes along;
Attending riper yeeres, with hope to finde
Such brave endeavours of thy noble minde,
As might deſerve triumphant lines, and make
My fore-head bold a lawrell crowne to take:
How haſt thou left us, and this earthly Stage,
(Not acting many months) in tender age?
Thou cam'ſt into this world a little Spie,
Where all things that could pleaſe the eare and eye,
Were ſet before thee, but thou found'ſt them toyes,
And flew'ſt with ſcornefull ſmiles t' eternall joyes:
No viſage of Grim Death is ſent t' affright
Thy ſpotleſſe ſoule, nor darkneſſe blinds thy ſight;
But lightſome Angels with their golden wings
Ore-ſpread thy cradle, and each ſpirit brings
Some precious balme, for heav'nly phyſicke meet,
To make the ſeparation ſoft and ſweet.
The ſparke infus'd by God departs away,
And bids the earthly weake companion ſtay
With patience in that nurs'ry of the ground,
Where firſt the ſeeds of Adam's limbes were found;

For

For time ſhall come when theſe divided friends
Shall joyne againe, and know no ſeverall ends,
But change this ſhort and momentary kiſſe
To ſtrict embraces of celeſtiall bliſſe.

Boſworth-field and other Poems
by Sir J. Beaumont—Ed. 1629.

On Lady Katherine Paſton, who died March 10, 1628.

CAN Man be ſilent and not praiſes find,
For her who lived the praiſe of woman-kind,
Whoſe outward frame was lent the world to geſs,
What ſhapes our ſouls ſhall wear in happineſs,
Whoſe virtue did all ill ſo overſwaye,
That her whole life was a communion daye.

From the Church of Paſton,
Norfolk.

On

On Eleanor Freeman, who died A. D. 1650, aged 21.

A Virgin bloſſom in her May,
Of youth and virtues turn'd to clay;
Rich earth accompliſh'd with thoſe graces
That adorn Saints in heavenly places.
Let not Death boaſt his conquering power
She'll riſe a Star, that fell a Flower.

From the Church of Tewkſbury, Glouceſterſhire.

NEAR to this Eglantine
Encloſed lies the milke-white Armeline;
Once Chloris onlie joye,
Now only her annoy;
Who envied was of the moſt happy ſwaines,
That keepe their flockes on Mountaines, Dales, or Plaines:
For oft ſhe bore the wanton in her arme,
And oft her bed and boſom did him warme;
Now when unkindly fates did him deſtroy,
Bleſt dog he had the grace,
With tears for him that Chloris wet her face.

Drummond, p. 203. Ed. 8vo.

MISCELLA-

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

To the Queen, entertain'd at Night by the Counteſs of Angleſey.

FAIRE as unſhaded light; or as the day
In its firſt birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet, as the Altars ſmoak, or as the new
Unfolded bud, ſwel'd by the early dew;
Smooth, as the face of waters firſt appear'd,
Ere tides began to ſtrive, or winds were heard:
Kind as the willing Saints, and calmer farre,
Than in their ſleeps forgiven hermits are;
You that are more, then our diſcreter feare
Dares praiſe, with ſuch full art, what make you here?
Here, where the Summer is ſo little ſeen,
That leaves, (her cheapeſt wealth) ſcarce reach at green.
You come, as if the ſilver Planet were
Miſled a while from her much-injur'd Sphere,
And t' eaſe the travailes of her beames to-night,
In this ſmall Lanthorn would contract her light.

The Works of Sir W. Davenant,
Lond. 1673. Fol. p. 218.

LOVE.

LOVE.

LOVE's ſooner felt, then ſeen; his ſubſtance thinne
Betwixt thoſe ſnowy mounts in ambuſh lies:
Oft in the eyes he ſpreads his ſubtil ginne;
He therefore ſooneſt winnes that faſteſt flies.
Fly thence, my dear, fly faſt, my Thomalin:
Who him encounters once, for ever dies:
But if he lurke between the ruddy lips,
Unhappie ſoul, that thence his nectar ſips,
While down into his heart the ſugred poiſon ſlips!

Oft in a voice he creeps down through the eare:
Oft from a bluſhing cheek he lights his fire:
Oft ſhrouds his golden flame in likeſt hair:
Oft in a ſoft-ſmooth ſkin doth cloſe retire:
Oft in a ſmile: oft in a ſilent teare:
And if all fail, yet Virtue's ſelf he'll hire:
Himſelf's a dart, when nothing els can move.
Who then the captive ſoul can well reprove,
When Love, and Vertue's ſelf become the darts of Love?

Piſcat. Eclog. by Ph. Fletcher,
Ecl. 6. St. 12, 13. Ed. 1633.

JEALOUSY.

JEALOUSY.

O Jealouſy! Daughter of Envy and Love,
Moſt wayward iſſue of a gentle Sire;
Foſter'd with fears, thy Father's joys t' improve;
Mirth-marring Monſter, born a ſubtle liar;
Hateful unto thyſelf, flying thine owne deſire;
Feeding upon Suſpect, that doth renew thee;
Happy were Lovers if they never knew thee.

Thou haſt a thouſand gates thou entereſt by,
Condemning trembling Paſſions to our heart:
Hundred-ey'd Argus, ever-waking ſpy,
Pale hag, infernal fury, pleaſure's ſmart,
Envious obſerver, prying in every part:
Suſpicious, fearful, gazing ſtill about thee;
O would to God that Love could be without thee!

Daniel's Compl. of Roſamond,
Ed. 1718, vol. I. p. 51.

A Vowe

A Vowe to Love faithfully howſoever he be rewarded.

SET me whereas the Sonne doth parch the grene,
Or where his beames do not dyſſolve the yſe,
In temperate heat, where he is felt, and ſene,
In preſence preſt of people, madde or wiſe;
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe degree,
In longeſt night, or in the ſhorteſt day;
In cleareſt ſkye, or where cloudes thickeſt be,
In luſty Youth, or when my haires are graye:
Set me in Heaven, in Earth, or elſe in Hell,
In hyll, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alyve whereſo I dwell,
Sicke, or in helthe, in evyll fame or good;
Hers will I be, and only with this thought,
Content myſelf, although my chance be nought.

Lord Surrey.

To

To A. L. Perſwaſions to LOVE.

STARVE not yourſelfe, becauſe you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beautie make
You your wiſer thoughts forſake:
For that lovely face will faile,
Beautie's ſweet, but beautie's fraile;
'Tis ſooner paſt, 'tis ſooner done
Then Summer's raine, or Winter's ſun:
Moſt fleeting when it is moſt deare,
'Tis gone while we but ſay 'tis here.
Theſe curious locks ſo aptly twin'd,
Whoſe every haire a ſoule doth bind,
Will change their auborn hue, and grow
White, and cold as Winter's ſnow.
That eye which now is Cupid's neſt
Will prove his grave, and all the reſt
Will follow; in the cheeke, chin, noſe,
Nor lilly ſhall be found nor roſe.
And what will then become of all
Thoſe, whom now you ſervants call?
Like ſwallowes when their ſummer's done,
They'le flye and ſeeke ſome warmer Sun.

Poems by T. Carew, Eſquire.
Lond. Ed. 1640.

HUE

HUE and CRY after CHLORIS.

I.

TELL me, ye wandring Spirits of the aire,
Did you not ſee a Nymph more bright, more faire
Than Beautie's darling, or of looks more ſweet
Than ſtolne content? If ſuch an one you meet,
Wait on her hourly whereſoere ſhe flies,
And cry, and cry, Amyntor for abſence dies.

II.

Go ſearch the vallies; pluck up ev'ry roſe,
You'll find a ſcente, a bluſhe of her in thoſe;
Fiſhe, fiſh for pearle, or corall, there you'll ſee
How oriental all her colours bee.
Go call the echoes to your aide, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I die.

III.

But ſtay awhile, I have inform'd you ill,
Were ſhe on Earth ſhe had been with me ſtill:
Go fly to Heav'n, examine ev'ry ſphere,
And try what ſtar hath lately lighted there;
If any brighter than the ſun you ſee,
Fall down, fall down and worſhip it, for that is ſhe.

Select Ayres. Printed
for J. Playford, 1659.

LOVE's

LOVE's ſervile Lot.

LOVE, miſtreſſe, is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they ſerve,
They reckon leaſt how little Love
Their ſervice doth deſerve.

The will ſhe robbeth from the wit
The ſenſe from reaſon's lore,
She is delightfull in the rine,
Corrupted in the core.

She ſhroudeth vice in vertue's vaile,
Pretending good in ill,
She offereth joy, affordeth griefe,
A kiſſe where ſhe doth kill.

A honey-ſhower raines from her lips,
Sweet lights ſhine in her face,
She hath the bluſh of virgine mind,
The mind of vipers race.

She makes thee ſeeke, yet feare to find;
To finde, but not enjoy:
In many frownes ſome gliding ſmiles
Shee yeelds to more annoy.

Shee wooes thee to come neere her fire,
Yet doth ſhe draw it from thee,
Farre off ſhe makes thy hart to fry,
And yet to freeze within thee.

She letteth fall ſome luring baits
For fooles to gather up;
Too ſweete, too ſowre, to everie taſte
She tempereth her cup.

Soft ſoules ſhe binds in tender twiſt,
Small flyes in ſpinners webbe;
She ſets afloate ſome luring ſtreames
But makes them ſoone to ebbe.

Her watrie eyes have burning force;
Her floods and flames conſpire:
Tears kindle ſparks, ſobs fuell are,
And ſighs doe blow her fire.

May never was the Month of Love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather Aprill, wet by kind,
For Love is full of ſhowers.

Like Tyrant, cruel wound ſhe gives,
Like Surgeon, ſalve ſhe lends;
But ſalve and ſore have equall force,
For death is both their ends.

With ſoothing words, inthralled ſoules
She chaines in ſervile bands;
Her eye in ſilence has a ſpeach
Which eye beſt underſtands.

Her little ſweet hath many ſowres,
Short hap immortal harmes;
Her loving lookes are murd'ring darts,
Her ſongs bewitching charmes.

Like Winter roſe and Summer iſe
Her joyes are ſtill untimely;
Before her Hope, behind Remorſe:
Faire firſt, in fine unſeemely.

Moodes, paſſions, fancies, jealous fits,
Attend upon her traine:
She yeeldeth reſt without repoſe,
And Heaven in helliſh paine.

Her houſe is Sloth, her doore Deceité,
And ſlipperie Hope her ſtaires;
Unbaſhfull Boldneſs bids her gueſts,
And every Vice repaires.

Her dyet is of ſuch delights
As pleaſe till they be paſt;
But then the poyſon kills the hart,
That did entiſe the taſte.

Her ſleepe in Sinne doth end in Wrath,
Remorſe rings her awake;
Death cals her up, Shame drives her out,
Deſpaires her up-ſhot make.

Plow not the ſeas, ſowe not the ſands,
Leave off your idle paine;
Seeke other miſtreſſe for your mindes,
Love's ſervice is in vaine.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING,

Wherein eche thing renewes, ſave only the Lover.

THE ſoote Seaſon that bud and bloome fourth bringes,
With grene hath cladde the hyll, and eke the vale,
The Nightingall with feathers new ſhe ſinges;
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
Somer is come, for every ſpray now ſpringes;
The hart hath hong hys olde hed on the pale,
The bucke in brake his winter coate he flynges;
The fiſhes flete with new repayred ſcale;
The adder all her ſlough away ſhe flynges;
The ſwift ſwalow purſueth the flyes ſmale,
The buſy bee her hony now ſhe mynges;
Winter is worne that was the floures bale;
And thus I ſee among theſe pleaſant thynges
Eche care decayes, and yet my ſorrow ſprynges.

Lord SURREY.

VERSES

VERSES BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I Greeve and dare not ſhewe my diſcontent,
I love and yet am forſt to ſeeme to hate,
I doe yet dare not ſay I ever meant,
I ſeeme ſtarke mute, but inwardly doe prate
I am and not, I freeze and yet am burn'd
Since from myſelf, my other ſelfe I turn'd.

My care is like my ſhaddowe in the ſune
Followes me fliinge, flies when I purſue it,
Standes and lies by me, does what I have done,
This too familiar care does make me rue it,
No meanes I finde to rid him from my breſt,
Till by the end of thinges it be ſuppreſt.

Some gentler paſſions ſlide into my minde,
For I am ſofte and made of meltinge ſnowe;
Or be more cruell, Love, and ſo be kynd,
Let mee or flote or ſinke, be high or lowe,
Or let me live with ſome more ſweete content,
Or dye and ſoe forget what love ere meant.

Signed, "*Finis, Eliza. Regina*, upon Mount Zeurs departure," Aſhmol. Muſ. MSS. 6969 (781) p. 142.

To Mrs. E. B. upon a ſudden Surpriſal.

APELLES, prince of Painters, did
All others in that art exceed:
But you ſurpaſs him, for he took
Some pains and time to draw a look,
You, in a trice and moment's ſpace,
Have pourtray'd in my heart your face.

Poems by J. Howell.
1664. Lond. Ed.

On FRIENDSHIP.

NOT ſtayed ſtate, but feeble ſtay,
Not coſtly robes, but bare array;
Not paſſed welth, but preſent want.
Not heped ſtore, but ſclender ſkant,
Not plenties purſe, but poore eſtate,
Not happy hap, but froward fate;
Not wiſh at wil, but want of joy,
Not harts good helth, but harts annoy:

Not

Not freedomes uſe, but priſoners thrall,
Not coſtly ſeate, but loweſt fall:
Not weale I meane, but wretched wo,
Doth truely try, the freend from foe:
And nowght but frowarde Fortune proves,
Who fauning faines, or ſimply loves.

Paradiſe of Daynty Deviſe.
Fol. 1, 3. ſigned M. Yloop.

An APOSTROPHE to CHARITY.

WHERE is this love become in later age?
Alas! 'tis gone in endleſſe pilgrimage
From hence, and never to returne, I doubt,
Till revolution wheele thoſe times about;
Chill breſts have ſtarv'd her here, and ſhe is driven
Away; and with Aſtræa fled to Heaven.
Poore Charity, that naked Babe, is gone,
Her honey's ſpent, and all her ſtore is done;
Her wingleſſe bees can finde out ne're a bloome,
And crooked Até doth uſurpe her roome;
Nepenthe's dry, and Love can get no drinke,
And curs'd Ardenne flowes above the brinke.

A Feaſt for Wormes. Med. 5.
1650. Lond. by F. Quarles,

To CHASTITY.

O Chaſtity, the flower of the ſoule,
How is thy perfect fairneſſe turn'd to foule!
How are thy bloſſomes blaſted all to duſt,
By ſudden lightning of untamed luſt!
How haſt thou thus defil'd thy iv'ry feet!
Thy ſweetneſſe that was once, how far from ſweet!
Where are thy maiden ſmiles, thy bluſhing cheek?
Thy lamb-like countenance, ſo faire, ſo meeke?
Where is that ſpotleſſe Flower that while-ere
Within thy lily-boſome thou didſt weare?
Has wanton Cupid ſnatcht it, hath his dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy ſimple heart?
Where doſt thou bide? the Country halfe diſclaimes thee,
The City wonders when a body names thee:
Or have the rurall woods ingroſt thee there,
And thus foreſtall'd our empty markets here?
Sure thou art not, or kept where no man ſhowes thee
Or chang'd ſo much, ſcarce man or woman knowes thee.

Hiſt. of Queen Eſter,
by F. Quarles.

To

To his Sonne VINCENT CORBET.

WHAT I ſhall leave thee none can tell,
But all ſhall ſay I wiſh thee well:
I wiſh thee *(Vin)* before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghoſtly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undoe thee.
I wiſh thee learning, not for ſhow,
Enough for to inſtruct, and know;
Not ſuch as gentlemen require
To prate at table, or at fire.
I wiſh thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes, and his places.
I wiſh thee friends, and one at Court
Not to build on but ſupport;
To keepe thee, not in doing many
Oppreſſions, but from ſuffering any.
I wiſh thee peace in all thy wayes,
Nor lazy nor contentious dayes;
And when thy ſoule and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

Certain Elegant Poems, Written by Dr. Corbet, &c. Lond. 1647.

THE SURRENDER.

MY once dear Love, hapleſs that I no more
Muſt call thee ſo; the rich affections ſtore
That fed our hopes, lies now exhauſt and ſpent,
Like ſummes of treaſure unto bankrupts lent.
We that did nothing ſtudy but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Roſe with delight to us, and with them ſet,
Muſt learn the hateful art how to forget.
We that did nothing wiſh that Heav'n could give
Beyond ourſelves, nor did deſire to live
Beyond that wiſh, all theſe now cancell muſt
As if not writ in faith, but words and duſt.
Yet witneſs thoſe cleer vowes which Lovers make,
Witneſs the chaſt deſires that never brake
Into unruly hearts; witneſs that breſt
Which in thy boſom anchor'd his whole reſt,
'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith, thy purpoſe fair and white
As thy pure ſelf, croſs Planets did envie
Us to each other, and Heaven did untie
Faſter then vowes could binde. O that the Starres
When Lovers meet, ſhould ſtand oppos'd in warres!
Since then ſome higher Deſtinies command,
Let us not ſtrive nor labour to withſtand

What is paſt help, the longeſt date of grief
Can never yield a hope of our relief;
And though we waſte ourſelves in moiſt laments,
Tears may drown us, but not our diſcontents.
Fold back our arms, take home our fruitleſs loves
That muſt new fortunes trie, like Turtle Doves
Diſlodged from their haunts, we muſt in tears
Unwind a love knit up in many years.
In this laſt kiſs I here ſurrender thee
Back to thyſelf, ſo thou againe art free.
Thou in an other, ſad as that, reſend
The trueſt heart that lover ere did lend.
Now turn from each, ſo fare our ſever'd hearts
As the divorc't ſoul from her body parts.

Dr. King's Poems.
p. 24.

THE LEGACY.

MY deareſt Love! when thou and I muſt part
And th' icy hand of Death ſhall ſeize that heart
Which is all thine; within ſome ſpacious will
I'le leave no blanks for legacies to fill:
'Tis my ambition to dye one of thoſe
Who but himſelf hath nothing to diſpoſe.
And ſince that is already thine, what need
I to re-give it by ſome newer deed?
Yet take it once again, free circumſtance
Does oft the value of mean things advance:

Who

Who thus repeats what he bequeath'd before,
Proclaims his bounty richer then his ſtore.
But let me not upon my Love beſtow
What is not worth the giving. I do ow
Somewhat to duſt: my bodies pamper'd care
Hungry corruption and the worm will ſhare.
That moul'dring relick which in earth muſt lie
Would prove a gift of horrour to thine eie
With this caſt ragge of my mortalitie
Let all my faults and errours buried be.
And as thy ſear-cloth rots, ſo may kind fate
Thoſe worſt acts of my life incinerate.
He ſhall in ſtory fill a glorious room
Whoſe aſhes and whoſe ſins ſleep in one tomb.
If now to my cold hearſe thou deign to bring
Some melting ſighs as thy laſt offering,
My peaceſull exequies are crown'd, nor ſhall
I aſk more honour at my Funerall.
Thou wilt more richly 'balm me with thy tears
Then all the nard fragrant Arabia bears.
And as the Paphian Queen by her griefs ſhow'r
Brought up her dead Love's Spirit in a flow'r:
So by thoſe precious drops rain'd from thine eies,
Out of my duſt, O may ſome Vertue riſe!
And like thy better Genius thee attend,
Till thou in my dark period ſhalt end.
Laſtly, my conſtant truth let me commend
To him thou chooſeſt next to be thy friend.
For (witneſs all things good) I would not have
Thy Youth and Beauty married to my grave,
'Twould ſhew thou didſt repent the ſtyle of wife
Should'ſt thou relapſe into a ſingle life.
They with prepoſterous grief the world delude
Who mourn for their loſt mates in ſolitude;

Since

Since Widdow-hood more ſtrongly doth enforce
The much-lamented lot of their divorce.
Themſelves then of their loſſes guilty are
Who may, yet will not ſuffer a repaire.
Thoſe were Barbarian wives that did invent
Weeping to death at th' Huſband's monument,
But in more civil Rites ſhe doth approve
Her firſt, who ventures on a ſecond Love;
For elſe it may be thought if ſhe refrain,
She ſped ſo ill ſhe durſt not trie again,
Up then my Love, and chooſe ſome worthier one
Who may ſupply my room when I am gone;
So will the ſtock of our affection thrive
No leſs in death, then were I ſtill alive.
And in my urne I ſhall rejoyce, that I
Am both Teſtatour thus and legacie.

Dr. King's Poems,
p. 28.

THE PRIMROSE.

ASKE me why I ſend you here,
This firſtling of the infant yeare;
Aſke me why I ſend to you,
This primroſe all bepearl'd with dew;
I ſtrait will whiſper in Your eares,
The ſweets of Love are waſh't with teares.

Aſke me why this flower doth ſhew
So yellow, greene, and ſickly too;
Aſke me why the ſtalke is weake,
And bending yet it doth not breake;
I muſt tell you theſe diſcover,
What doubts and feares are in a Lover.

Poems by T. Carew Eſquire.
Lond. 1640.

A CAUTION

A CAUTION FOR COURTLY DAMSELS.

BEWARE, fair Maid, of mighty Courtiers oaths,
Take heed what gifts or favours you receive;
Let not the fading gloſſe of ſilken cloaths
Dazzle your vertues, or your fame bereave:
For once but leave the hold you have of Grace,
Who will regard your fortune or your face?

Each greedy hand will ſtrive to catch the flower,
When none regard the ſtalke it growes upon;
Baſeneſſe deſires the fruit ſtill to devoure,
And leave the tree to fall or ſtand alone:
But this adviſe, fair Creature, take of mee,
Let none take fruit unleſſe hee'll have the tree.

Beleeve not oaths, nor much-proteſting men,
Credit no vowes, nor a bewailing ſong;
Let Courtiers ſweare, forſweare, and ſweare agen,
The heart doth live ten regions from the tongue:
For when with oaths and vows they make you tremble,
Beleeve them leaſt for then they moſt diſſemble.

Beware leſt Cœrſus doe corrupt thy minde,
Or fond Ambition ſell thy modeſty;
Say, though a King thou even courteous finde,
Hee cannot pardon thy impurity.
Begin with Kings, to ſubjects you will fall,
From Lord to Lackey, and at laſt to all.

See Epigrams ſubjoin'd to J. Sylveſter's
Du Bartas. 1641. Lond.

The Frailtye and hurtfulnes of Beautie.

BRITTLE Beautie that Nature made ſo fraile,
Whereof the gifte is ſmal, and ſhort the Seaſon;
Flowring to-day, to-morrowe apt to faile,
Tickled treaſure, abhorred of reaſon:
Dangerous to deale with, vaine, of none availe,
Coſtly in keeping, paſt, not worthe two peaſon;
Slipper in ſliding, as is an Eles taile;
Harde to attain, once gotten not geaſon.
Jewell of jeopardie, that peril doth aſſaile,
Falſe and untrewe, enticed oft to treaſon;
Enemy to Youth, that moſt may I bewaile;
Ah bitter ſwete! infecting as the poyſon,
Thou fareſt as frute, that with the froſt is taken,
To-day redy ripe, to-morrow al to ſhaken

Lord SURREY.

To

TO THE ROSE.

SWEET Roſe, whence is this hue
Which does all hues excell?
Whence this moſt fragrant ſmell?
And whence this form and gracing grace in you?
In flow'ry Pœſtum's fields perhaps you grew,
Or Hybla's hills you bred,
Or odoriferous Enna's plains you fed,
Or Tmolus, or where boar young Adon ſlew;
Or hath the Queen of Love you dy'd of new
In that dear blood, which makes you look ſo red?
No, none of theſe, but cauſe more high you bliſt,
My Lady's breaſt you bore, her lips you kiſt.

Drummond's Son, and Madrig,
Edinb. Ed. 1711. Fol.

DRY thoſe fair, thoſe chryſtal eyes
Which like growing fountains riſe
To drown their banks. Griefs ſullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks.
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the ſhoar of diſcontent.

Then clear thoſe wat'riſh ſtarres again,
Which elſe portend a laſting rain;
Leſt the clouds which ſettle there
Prolong my Winter all the Year:
And the example others make
In love with Sorrow for thy ſake.

Dr. King's Poems.
p. 19.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

TELL me not of joy: there's none
Now my little Sparrow's gone;
He, juſt as you,
Would toy and wooe,
He would chirp and flatter me,
He would hang the wing awhile,
Till at length he ſaw me ſmile,
Lord how ſullen he would be?

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it goe agen,
He from my lip
Would moyſture ſip.
He would from my trencher feed,
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry *Philip* when h' had done,
O whoſe heart can chooſe but bleed?

O how

O how eager would he fight,
And ne'r hurt though he did bite;
No morn did paſs
But on my glaſs
He would ſit, and mark, and do
What I did, now ruffle all
His feathers o'r, now let 'em fall
And then ſtraightway ſleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now to pierce our hearts;
A wound he may,
Not Love conveigh,
Now this faithfull Bird is gone,
O let mournfull Turtles joyn
With loving Red-breaſts, and combine
To ſing Dirges o'er his ſtone.

Com. Trag. Com. with other Poems, by Mr. W. Cartwright, Lond. 1651.

MADRIGAL.

MY Thoughts hold mortal ſtrife,
I do deteſt my life,
And with lamenting cries
Peace to my ſoul to bring,
Oft call that Prince, which here doth monarchize,
But he grim-grinning King,
Who catives ſcorns, and doth the bleſt ſurpriſe
Late having deckt with Beauty's Roſe his tomb,
Diſdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

Drummond. Edinb. 1711. Fol. Ed.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

To Sir WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

THO' I have twice been at the doors of Death,
And twice found ſhut thoſe gates which ever mourn;
This but a lightning is: truce ta'en to breath
For late-born ſorrowes augure fleet return.
Amid thy ſacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis, when thou ſhalt hear wand'ring Fame
Tell, Death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal ſpoils,
And that on Earth I am but a ſad name:
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliſs, thoſe joys, Heaven here us gave;
I conjure thee, and by the Maids of Jove,
To 'grave this ſhort remembrance on my grave;
"Here Damon lies, whoſe ſongs did ſometime grace
"The murmuring Eſk—may roſes ſhade the place."

Drummond.

To DELIA.

LOOK Delia, how w' eſteem the half-blown roſe,
The image of thy bluſh, and Summer's honour!
Whilſt yet her tender bud doth undiſcloſe
That full of Beauty, Time beſtowes upon her.
No ſooner ſpreads her glory in the air,
But ſtrait her wide-blown pomp comes to decline;
She then is ſcorn'd, that late adorn'd the Fair;
So fade the roſes of thoſe cheeks of thine!
No April can revive thy wither'd flow'rs,
Whoſe ſpringing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift ſpeedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Diſſolves the beauty of the faireſt brow,
Then do not thou ſuch treaſure waſte in vain
But love now, whilſt thou may'ſt be lov'd again.

Daniel XXXVI. Son.

A Viſion

A Viſion upon this conceit of the Fairy Queen.

METHOUGHT I ſaw the Grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple where the Veſtal Flame
Was wont to burn; and paſſing by that way,
To ſee that buryed duſt of living fame
Whoſe tomb fair Love, and fairer Vertue kept,
All ſuddenly I ſaw the Fairy Queen:
At whoſe approach, the Soul of Petrarch wept,
And from thenceforth thoſe Graces were not ſeen.
For they this Queen attended; in whoſe ſteed
Oblivion laid him down on Laura's herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeen to bleed,
And grones of buried Ghoſts the Heavens did perſe.
Where Homer's Spright did tremble all for grief
And curſt th' acceſs of that celeſtial Thief.

Sir W. Raleigh.

To SLEEP.

SLEEP, Silence Child, ſweet Father of ſoft reſt,
Prince whoſe approach peace to all mortalls brings,
Indifferent Hoſt to ſhepheards and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds with griefe oppreſt.
Loe, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie ſlumbring, with forgetfulneſſe poſſeſt,
And yet o'er me to ſpread thy drowſie wings
Thou ſpares (alas) who cannot be thy gueſt.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to ſhow,
With fained ſolace eaſe a true-felt woe,
Or if, deafe God, thou doe denie that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiſſe the image of my death.

Drummond, Edinb. 1616.

To the RIVER ANKOR.

CLEAR Ankor, on whoſe ſilver-ſanded ſhore,
My ſoul-ſhrin'd Saint, my fair Idea lies,
O bleſſed Brook, whoſe milk-white ſwans adore
Thy cryſtal ſtream refined by her eyes,
Where ſweet myrrh-breathing Zephyr in the Spring
Gently diſtills his nectar-dropping ſhowers,
Where nightingales in Arden ſit and ſing
Amongſt the dainty dew-impearled flowers;
Say thus, fair Brook, when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queen,
Lo, here thy Shepherd ſpent his wand'ring years;
And in theſe ſhades, dear Nymph, he oft had been,
And here to thee he ſacrific'd his tears:
Fair Arden, thou my Tempe art alone,
And thou, Sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

Drayton, LIII. Son.

I know

I Know that all beneath the Moone decayes,
And what by mortalles in this world is brought,
In Time's great periods ſhall returne to nought,
That faireſt ſtates have fatall nights and dayes:
I know how all the Muſes heavenly layes;
With toyle of ſpright which are ſo dearly bought,
As idle ſounds, of few, or none are ſought,
And that nought lighter is than airie praiſe.
I know fraile Beautie like the purple flowre,
To which one morne of birth and death affords,
That Love a jarring is of mindes accords,
Where Senſe and Will invaſſall Reaſon's power:
Know what I liſt, this all can not mee move
But that (oh mee!) I both muſt write and love.

Drummond, Edinb. 1616.

RESTORE thy Treſſes to the golden Oar;
Yield Citherea's Son thoſe Arks of Love:
Bequeath the Heav'ns the Stars that I adore;
And to th' Orient do thy Pearls remove.
Yield thy hands pride unto the ivory white;
T' Arabian Odors give thy breathing ſweet:
Reſtore thy Bluſh unto Aurora bright;
To Thetis give the honour of thy Feet.

Let

Let Venus have thy Graces her reſign'd;
And thy ſweet Voice give back unto the Spheres:
But yet reſtore thy fierce and cruel Mind
To Hyrcan Tygers, and to ruthleſs Bears.
Yield to the Marble thy hard Heart again;
So ſhalt thou ceaſe to plague, and I to pain.

Daniel, XIX. Son.
1718. Ed. 2 V.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiſs and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus ſo cleanly I myſelf can free,
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not ſeen in either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain;
Now at the laſt gaſp of Love's lateſt breath,
When his pulſe failing, paſſion ſpeechleſs lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is cloſing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'ſt, when all have given him over
From death to life thou might'ſt him yet recover.

Dayton, LXI. Son.

To his LUTE.

MY Lute, bee as thou waſt, when thou didſt grow
With thy greene mother in ſome ſhadie grove,
When immelodious windes but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did beſtow.
Sith that deare voyce, which did thy ſounds approve
Which uſed in ſuch harmonious ſtraines to flow,
Is reft from Earth to tune thoſe ſpheares above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleaſing notes be pleaſing notes no more,
But orphane wailings to the fainting eare,
Each ſtoppe a ſigh, each ſound drawes foorth a teare,
Be therefore ſilent as in woods before,
Or if that any hand to touch thee daigne,
Like widow'd Turtle ſtill her loſſe complaine.

Drummond, Edin. Ed. 1616.

To SLEEP.

CARE-charmer Sleep, Son of the ſable Night;
Brother to Death, in ſilent darkneſs born:
Relieve my languiſh, and reſtore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The Shipwreck of my ill-adviſed Youth:
Let waking eyes ſuffice to wail their ſcorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Ceaſe, dreams, the images of day-deſires,
To model forth the paſſions of the morrow;
Never let riſing Sun approve you liars,
To add more grief to aggravate my ſorrow.
Still let me ſleep, embracing clouds in vain;
And never wake to feel the day's diſdain.

Daniel, XLI. Son.

My

MY heart was ſlain, and none but you and I;
Who ſhould I think the murder ſhould commit?
Since but yourſelf there was no creature by,
But only I; guiltleſs of murd'ring it.
It ſlew itſelf; the verdict on the view
Do quit the dead, and me not acceſſary:
Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,
The evidence ſo great a proof doth carry.
But O, ſee, ſee, we need enquire no further,
Upon your lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your eye the Boy that did the murder,
Your cheeks yet pale, ſince firſt he gave the wound.
By this I ſee, however things be paſt,
Yet Heaven will ſtill have murder out at laſt.

Drayton, II. Son.

ALEXIS, here ſhee ſtay'd, among theſe pines
(Sweet Hermitreſſe) ſhee did alone repaire,
Here did ſhe ſpreade the treaſure of her haire,
More rich than that brought from the Cholchian mines.
She ſet her by theſe muſket Eglantines;
The happie place the print ſeemes yet to beare,
Her voyce did ſweeten here thy ſugred lines,
To which windes, trees, beaſts, birds, did lend their eare;

Mee

Mee here ſhe firſt perceiv'd, and here a morne
Of bright carnations did oreſpreade her face,
Here did ſhee ſigh, there firſt my hopes were borne,
And I firſt got a pledge of promis'd grace:
But ah! what ſerv'd it to be happie ſo?
Sith paſſed pleaſures double but new woe.

Drummond.

UNTO the boundleſs Ocean of thy Beauty,
Runs this poor River, charg'd with ſtreams of zeal,
Returning thee the tribute of my duty,
Which here my Love, my Youth, my Plaints reveal.
Here I unclaſp the Book of my charg'd ſoul,
Where I have caſt th' Accounts of all my care:
Here have I ſumm'd my ſighs; here I enroll
How they were ſpent for thee; look what they are,
Look on the dear expences of my Youth,
And ſee how juſt I reckon with thine eyes:
Examine well thy beauty with my truth;
And croſs my cares, ere greater ſums ariſe.
Read it, ſweet Maid, tho' it be done but ſlightly;
Who can ſhew all his Love, doth love but lightly.

Daniel, I. Son.

Truſt

TRUST not, ſweet Soule, thoſe curled waves of gold
With gentle tides which on your temples flow,
Nor temples ſpread with flackes of virgine ſnow,
Nor ſnow of cheekes with Tyrian graine enroll'd.
Truſt not thoſe ſhining lights which wrought my woe,
When firſt I did their burning rayes beholde,
Nor voyce, whoſe ſounds more ſtrange effects doe ſhow
Than of the Thracian Harper have beene tolde:
Looke to this dying Lille, fading Roſe,
Darke Hyacinthe, of late whoſe bluſhing beames
Made all the neighbouring herbes and graſſe rejoyce,
And thinke how little is twixt Life's extreames:
The cruell Tyrant that did kill thoſe flow'rs,
Shall once (aye mee!) not ſpare that Spring of yours.

Drummond, Edinb. 1616.

LOVE baniſh'd Heaven, in Earth was held in ſcorn,
Wand'ring abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, tho' of a Goddeſs born,
Yet crav'd the alms of ſuch as paſſed by:
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Cloathed the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring gueſt,
With ſighs and teares ſtill furniſhing his table,
With what might make the miſerable bleſt:

But this Ungrateful, for my good deſert,
Intic'd my thoughts againſt me to conſpire,
Who gave conſent to ſteal away my heart,
And ſet my breaſt, his lodging on a fire,
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel then tho' charity grow cold.

Drayton, XXIII. Son.

WHAT doth it ſerve to ſee Sunnes burning face?
And ſkies enamell'd with both Indies gold?
Or moone at night in jettie chariot roll'd?
And all the glorie of that ſtarrie place?
What doth it ſerve Earth's beautie to behold?
The mountaines pride, the meadowes flowrie grace;
The ſtatelie comelineſſe of forreſts old,
The ſport of flowds which would themſelves embrace?
What doth it ſerve to heare the Sylvans ſongs,
The wanton Mearle, the Nightingalle's ſad ſtraines,
Which in darke ſhades ſeeme to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth ſerve all that this world containes,
Sith Shee for whom thoſe once to mee were deare,
No part of them can have now with mee heare.

Drummond.

WHY ſhould I ſing in verſe, why ſhould I frame
These ſad neglected notes for her dear ſake?
Why ſhould I offer up unto her name,
The ſweeteſt ſacrifice my youth can make?
Why ſhould I ſtrive to make her live for ever,
That never deigns to give me joy to live?
Why ſhould my afflicted muſe ſo much endeavour
Such honour unto cruelty to give?
If her defects have purchas'd her this fame,
What ſhould her virtues do, her ſmiles, her love?
If this her worſt, how ſhould her beſt inflame?
What paſſions would her milder favours move?
Favours, I think, would ſenſe quite overcome,
And that makes happy Lovers ever dumb.

Daniel, XVII. Son.

IF croſt with all miſhaps be my poor Life,
If one ſhort day I never ſpent in mirth,
If my ſpirit with itſelf holds laſting ſtrife,
If Sorrowes death is but new Sorrowes birth?
If this vaine World bee but a ſable ſtage
Where ſlave-born Man playes to the ſcoffing ſtarres,
If Youth be toſs'd with Love, with Weakneſſe Age,
If Knowledge ſerve to hold our thoughts in warres?

If

If time can cloſe the hundred mouths of Fame,
And make what's long ſince paſt, like that to bee,
If Vertue only bee an idle name,
If I when I was borne was borne to die?
Why ſeeke I to prolong theſe loathſome dayes,
The faireſt roſe in ſhorteſt time decayes.

Drummond.

To the SPRING.

SWEET Spring, thou turn'ſt with all thy goodlie traine,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The Zephyres curle the greene lockes of the plaine,
The cloudes for joy in pearles weepe down their ſhow'rs.
Thou turn'ſt (ſweet Youth) but ah my pleaſant howres,
And happie dayes with thee come not againe,
The ſad memorialls only of my paine
Doe with thee turne, which turne my ſweets in ſow'rs.
Thou art the ſame which ſtill thou was before,
Delicious, wanton, amiable, faire,
But ſhee, whoſe breath embaulmed thy wholeſome aire,
Is gone: nor gold nor gemmes her can reſtore.
Neglected Vertue, Seaſons goe and come
While thine forgot lie cloſed in a Tombe.

Drummond.

LOOKE how the flowre, which lingringlie doth fade,
The Morning's Darling late, the Summer's Queene,
Spoyl'd of that juice, which kept it freſh and greene,
As high as it did raiſe, bowes low the head;
Right ſo my Life (Contentments being dead,
Or in their contraries but onelie ſeene)
With ſwifter ſpeede declines than earſt it ſpred,
And (blaſted) ſcarce now ſhowes what it hath beene.
As doth the Pilgrime therefore whom the night
By darkneſſe would impriſon on his way,
Thinke on thy Home, (my Soule) and thinke aright,
Of what yet reſtes thee of Life's waſting day:
Thy Sunne poſtes weſtward, paſſed is thy morne,
And twice it is not given thee to be born.

Drummond, Flowres of Sion.
Ed. 1630, 4to.

To the NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET Bird, that ſing'ſt away the early howres,
Of winters paſt, or comming void of care,
Well pleaſed with delights which preſent are,
Faire Seaſones, budding ſprayes, ſweet-ſmelling flowres:
To rocks, to ſprings, to rils, from leavie bowres
Thou thy Creator's goodneſſe doſt declare,
And what deare gifts on thee hee did not ſpare,
A ſtaine to humane ſence in ſin that lowres.
What Soule can be ſo ſicke, which by thy ſongs
(Attir'd in ſweetneſſe) ſweetly is not driven
Quite to forget Earth's turmoiles, ſpights and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to Heaven?
Sweet artleſſe Songſtarre, thou my minde doſt raiſe
To ayres of Spheares, yes, and to Angels layes.

Drummond's Flowers of Sion.

SPEECHES.

Harold's ſpeech before the Battle of Haſtings.

"SEE valiant War-friends yonder be the firſt, the laſt, and all
The agents of our Enemies, they hencefoorth cannot call
Supplies; for weedes at *Normandie* by this in Porches groe:
Then conquer theſe would conquer you, and dread no further foe.
They are no ſtouter than the Brutes, whom we did hence exile:
Nor ſtronger than the ſturdy Danes, our victory ere while:
Not Saxonie could once containe, or ſcarce the world beſide
Our fathers, who did ſway by ſword where liſted them to bide:
Then doe not yee degenerate, take courage by diſcent,
And by their burialles, not abode, their force and flight prevent.
Yee have in hand your Countries cauſe, a conqueſt they pretend,
Which (were yee not the ſame yee be) even cowards would defend.

I graunt

I graunt that part of us are fled and linked to the foe,
And glad I am our Armie is of traytours cleered ſo:
Yea pardon hath he to depart that ſtayeth mal-content:
I priſe the mind above the man, like zeale hath like event.
Yeat truth it is, no well or ill this Iſland ever had,
But through the well or ill ſupport of ſubjects good or bad:
Not Cæſar, Hengeſt, Swayn, or now (which neretheles ſhall fayle)
The Normane Baſtard, Albion true, did, could, or can prevayle.
But to be ſelfe-falſe in this Iſle a ſelfe-foe ever is,
Yeat wot I, never traytour did his treaſons ſtipend mis.
Shrinke who will ſhrinke, let armors wayte preſſe downe the burd'ned earth,
My foes, with wondring eyes ſhall ſee I over-prize my death.
But ſince ye all (for all, I hope, alike affected bee,
Your wives, your children, lives, and land, from ſervitude to free)
Are armed both in ſhew and zeale, then glorioufly contend,
To winne and weare the home-brought ſpoyles, of Victorie the end.
Let not the Skinners daughter Sonne poſſeſſe what he pretends,
He lives to die a noble death that life for freedome ſpends."

Duke WILLIAM's Speech.

"TO live upon or lie within this is my ground or grave
(My loving Souldiers), one of twaine your Duke reſolves to have.
Nor be ye *Normanes* now to ſeeke in what you ſhould be ſtout,
Ye come amidſt the Engliſh pikes to hewe your honors out,
Ye come to winne the ſame by launce, that is your owne by law,
Ye come, I ſay, in righteous warre revenging ſwords to draw.
Howbeit of more hardie foes no paſſed flight hath ſpead yee,
Since Rollo to your now-abode with bands victorious lead yee,
Or Turchus, Sonne of Troylus, in Scythian Fazo bread yee.
Then worthy your progenitors yee Seede of Pryam's ſonne
Exployt this Buſineſſe, Rollons do that which yee wiſh be done.
Three people have as many times got and forgone this ſhore,
It reſteth now yee conquer it not to be conquered more:
For Normane and the Saxon blood conjoyning, as it may,
From that conſorted ſeede the Crowne ſhall never paſſe away.
Before us are our armed foes, behind us are the ſeas,
On either ſide the foe hath holdes of ſuccour and for eaſe:
But that advantage ſhall returne their diſadvantage thus,
If ye obſerve no ſhore is left the which may ſhelter us,
And ſo hold out amidſt the rough whil'ſt they hale in for lee,
Whereas, whil'ſt men ſecurely ſayle, not ſeldome ſhipwracks bee,

What

What ſhould I cite your paſſed acts, or tediouſly incence
To preſent armes; your faces ſhew your hearts conceive offence,
Yea, even your courages devine a conqueſt not to faile.
Hope then your Duke doth prophecie, and in that hope prevaile.
A people brave, a terren Heaven, both objects worth your warres,
Shall be the prizes of your prow's, and mount your fame to Starres.
Let not a Traytor's perjur'd Sonne extrude us from our right:
He dyes to live a famous life, that doth for conqueſt fight."

Warner's Albion's Engl.
22 Chap. 4 B. 1602. Ed.

NORFOLK's Soliloquy before the Battle of BOSWORTH.

"IF all the Campe prove traytours to my Lord,
Shall ſpotleſſe Norfolke falſifie his word?
Mine oath is paſt, I ſwore t' uphold his crowne,
And that ſhall ſwim, or I with it will drowne.
It is too late now to diſpute the right,
Dare any tongue, ſince Yorke ſpread forth his light,
Northumberland, or Buckingham defame,
Two valiant Cliffords, Roos, or Beaumont's name,

Becauſe they in the weaker quarrell die?
They had the King with them, and ſo have I.
But ev'ry eye the face of Richard ſhunnes,
For that foule murder of his brother's ſonnes:
Yet lawes of Knighthood gave me not a ſword
To ſtrike at him, whom all with joint accord
Have made my Prince, to whom I tribute bring:
I hate his vices, but adore the King.
Victorious Edward, if thy ſoule can heare
Thy ſervant Howard, I devoutly ſweare,
That to have ſav'd thy children from that day,
My hopes on earthe ſhould willingly decay;
Would Glouceſter then, my perfect faith had tryed,
And made two graves, when noble Haſtings died."

Boſworth Field, p. 7.

King RICHARD's Speech.

——— "MY fellow Souldiers, though your ſwords
Are ſharpe, and need not whetting by my words;
Yet call to minde thoſe many glorious dayes,
In which we treaſur'd up immortal prayſe.
If when I ſerv'd, I ever fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine, let me be puniſht ſo:
But if my Father, when at firſt he try'd
How all his ſonnes could ſhining blades abide,
Found me an Eagle, whoſe undazled eyes
Affront the beames, which from the ſteele ariſe,
And if I now in action teach the ſame,
Know then, ye have but chang'd your Generall's name.

Be ſtill yourſelves, ye fight againſt the droſſe
Of thoſe, that oft have runne from you with loſſe.
How many Somerſets, diſſentions brands,
Have felt the force of our revengefull hands!
From whome this Youth, as from a princely floud,
Derives his beſt, yet not untainted bloud.
Have our aſſaults made Lancaſter to droupe?
And ſhall this Welſhman with his ragged troupe
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That onely Merlin may be thought divine?
See what a guide theſe fugitives have choſe,
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forgets the Engliſh language, and the ground,
And knowes not what our drums and trumpets ſound!"

Sir J. Beaumont's Poems.
Lond. Ed. 1629.

Earl RICHMOND's Speech.

"IT is in vaine, brave friends, to ſhew the right
Which we are forc'd to ſeeke by civill fight.
Your ſwords are brandiſht in a noble cauſe,
To free your Country from a Tyrant's jawes.
What angry Planet, what diſaſtrous ſigne
Directs Plantagenet's afflicted line?
Ah, was it not enough, that mutuall rage
In deadly battels ſhould this race ingage,
Till by their blowes themſelves they fewer make,
And pillers fall, which France could never ſhake?

But

But muſt this crooked Monſter now be found,
To lay rough hands on that uncloſed wound?
His ſecret plots have much increaſt the flood,
He with his brother's, and his nephewes blood,
Hath ſtain'd the brightneſſe of his Father's flowres,
And made his own white Roſe as red as ours.
This is the day, whoſe ſplendour puts to flight
Obſcuring clouds, and brings an age of light.
We ſee no hindrance of thoſe wiſhed times,
But this Uſurper, whoſe depreſſing crimes
Will drive him from the mountaine where he ſtands,
So that he needs muſt fall without our hands.
In this we happy are, that by our armes
Both Yorke and Lancaſter revenge their harmes.
Here Henry's ſervants joyne with Edward's friends,
And leave their privat griefes for publicke ends."

Sir J. Beaumont.

SPEECH

SPEECH of VOADA, Queen of the BRITTONS, before the Battle with the ROMANS.

"MY ſtate and ſex, not hand or hart, moſt valiant Friends, with-hild
Me (wretched cauſe of your repaire, by wicked Romans il'd)
From that revenge which I do wiſh, and ye have cauſe to worke:
In which ſuppoſe not Voada in female feares to lurke.
For, loe, myſelfe, unlike myſelfe, and theſe ſame Ladies faire
In armor, not to ſhrinke an ynch wheare hotteſt doings are.
Even we do dare to bid the baſe, and you yourſelves ſhall ſee
Your ſelves to come behind in armes: the Romaines too that be
Such Conquerors, and valiantlie can womankind oppreſſe,
Shall know that Brittiſh women can the Romiſh wrongs redreſſe.
Then arme ye with like courages as Ladies ſhall preſent,
Whom ye, nor wounds, nor death, the praiſe of onſet ſhall prevent.
Nor envie that our martiall rage exceeds your manly ire,
For by how much more we endure, ſo much more we deſire
Revenge, on thoſe in whoſe default we are unhallowed thus,
Whilſt they forget themſelves for men, or to be borne of us:

Ye

Ye yeeld them tribute, and from us their Legions have their pay;
Thus were too much, but more then thus, the haughtie Tirant's ſway;
That I am Queene from being wrong'd doth nothing me protect:
Their rapes againſt my Daughters both I alſo might object:
They maydes deflower, they wives enforce, and uſe their wils in all,
And yeat we live, defferring fight, inferring ſo our fall.
But valiant Brutons, ventrous Scots, and warlike Pichts, I erre,
Exhorting whom I ſhould dehort, your fiearcenes to deferre:
Leſſe courage more conſiderate would make your foes to quake:
My heart hath joy'd to ſee your hands the Romaine ſtandards take.
But when as force and fortune fail'd, that you with teeth ſhould fight,
And in the faces of their Foes your women, in deſpight,
Should fling their ſuckling Babes, I hild ſuch valiantnes but vaine:
Inforced flight is no diſgrace, ſuch flyers fight againe.
Here are ye, Scots, that with the King, my valiant Brother dead,
The Latines, wondring at your prowes, through Rome in triumph led:
Ye Mars-ſtar'd Pichtes of Scythian breed are here colleagues, and more,
Ye Dardane Brutes, laſt named, but in valour meant before:
In your conduct, moſt knightly Friends, I ſuperſeade the reſt:
Ye come to fight, and we in fight to hope and helpe our beſt."

Warner's Alb. Eng.
Chap. 18. B. 3. 1602.

MUTIUS

MUTIUS SCÆVOLA to PORSENNA.

"BEHOLD, grim Tyrant, here before thee ſtands
A man had been thy death, had not theſe hands
Prov'd traitours to my mind: had made that grave
Been thine, which now's prepared for thy ſlave.
If Scævola muſt undergo death's doom,
There's none but will write guiltleſſe on his tomb:
I ſet upon with fearleſſe courage thoſe
Who were our Capitols, our Countrie's foes.
Why are the Heavens then thus againſt me bent;
And not propitious to my brave intent:
What, are the Gods aſham'd to lend their aid;
Or are they of this Tyrant's pow'r afraid?
Or have the Fates reſerved him that he
In future triumphs might a trophie be?
Whate'er 'twas made them thus 'gainſt me conſpire,
It grieves my ſoul it had not its deſire.
Etruria, ſee what ſouls the Romans bear,
Admire the noble acts the Latians dare;
Long after me that will this fact yet do,
There comes an other and an other too;
There want not thoſe who hope to ſay they wore
A lawrel died in thy crimſon gore:

What

What though thy camp lies free from our alarms,
And ſpoils our fields with unrevenged harms;
We ſcorn with baſer blood to ſtain a dart,
O King, that's onely level'd at thy heart:
Our nobler ſwords will drink the blood of none,
But thy heart-blood, Porſenna, thine alone;
Thoſe who their hands will ſtrait in it imbrue,
Walk intermixed with thy armed crew.
Methinks I ſee at preſent one thee note,
Who ſtrait wil hide his weapon in thy throat;
Hence, therefore, think each hower of thy breath,
To be th' aſſured hower of thy death;
Thou doſt with warlike troups our wals ſurround,
Hoping to lay them level with the ground,
And thinkſt to famiſh us, whilſt o'er thy head,
Hangs a revengeful arm will ſtrike thee dead;
That glorious diadem which now I ſee
Circles thy brow, was hop'd a ſpoil by mee;
That purple robe inveſts thy loins ſhal lie,
Thy blood be tinged in a deeper dy:
That very ſcepter which thy hand ſuſtains,
Shal, turn'd a club, daſh out thy curſed brains;
Now rule, now lord and king it, with this fate,
Expecting ſtill the period of thy date.
Methinks I ſee how on thy curled brow,
Self-rendring Vengeance ſits enthron'd, and how
Thy thoughts already tear me; yet I feel
No horror, nor my frighted body reel,
No trembling in my joynts; know, king, I can
Both do and ſuffer bove the reach of man:
In free born ſouls pale terror never ſtood
In competion with their Countries good;
Thoſe ſouls in whom aſpiring fame her ſphear
Hath plac't, neglect the precipice of fear;
This ſacred altar, theſe pure fires ſhall be
Witneſſes of our undaunted conſtancy.

This hand to Roman freedom ſo unjuſt,
Shall for its penance be conſum'd to duſt;
Nor is it cruel, but moſt right its doom,
Since liberty it could not yield to Rome."

John Dancer's Poems.
Ed. 1660.

A Reconciliation effected between the two brothers, BRENN and BELINE, at the interceſſion of their Mother CONUVENNA.

"I Dare to name ye Sonnes, becauſe I am your Mother, yet
I doubt to tearme you Brothers that doe brotherhood
forget.
Theſe prodigies, their wrothfull ſhields, forbodden foe to
foe,
Doe ill beſeeme allyed hands, even yours allyed ſoe.
O, how ſeeme Oedipus his Sonnes in you againe to ſtrive?
How ſeeme theſe ſwords in me (aye me) Jocaſta to revive?
I would Dunwallo lived, or ere death, had loſt againe
His Monarchie, ſufficing ſower, but now too ſmall for twaine.
Then either would you, as did he, imploy your wounds elſ-
wheare:
Or for the ſmalnes of your power, agree at leaſt for feare.

But pride of ritch and romeſome Thrones, that wingeth now your darts,
It will (I would not as I feare) worke ſorrow to your harts.
My Sonnes, ſweet Sonnes, attend my words, your Mother's wordes attend,
And for I am your Mother, doe conclude I am your frend:
I cannot counſell, but intreate, nor yet I can intreate
But as a woman, and the ſame whoſe blood was once your meate:
Hence had ye milke (ſhe baerd her paps) theſe armes did hug ye oft:
Theſe fyled hands did wipe, did wrap, did rocke, and lay ye ſoft:
Theſe lips did kiſſe, or eyes did weep, if that ye were unqueat,
Then ply I did, with ſong, or ſighes, with dance, with tung, or teate:
For theſe kind cauſes, deere my Sonnes, diſarme yourſelves: if not,
Then for theſe bitter teares that now your Mother's cheekes do ſpot:
Oft urge I Sonnes and Mothers names, names not to be forgot.
Send hence theſe Souldiers: yee, my Sons, and none but yee ſhould fight:
When none ſhould rather be as one, if Nature had her right.
What comfort, Beline, ſhall I ſpeede? ſweete Brenn ſhall I prevaile?
Say yea, ſweete Youthes, ah yea, ſay yea: or if I needes muſt faile,
Say noe: and then will I begin your battell with my baile,
Then then ſome ſtranger, not my Sonnes, ſhall cloſe me in the Earth
When we by armor over ſoone ſhall meet, I feare, in death."

This

This ſayd, with guſhing teares eftſoones ſhe plyes the one and other,
Till both did ſhew themſelves at length Sonnes worthy ſuch a Mother:
And with thoſe hands, thoſe altred hands, that lately threatned bloes,
They did embrace: becomming thus continuall friends of foes.

Warner, Alb. Eng.
Chap. 16. B. 3.

NOTES.

VOLUME I.

Page 2. Wring her white hands, &c.

Thus Johnſon. Yet Vane could tell what ills from Beauty ſpring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd the King.
Vanity of Hum. Wiſh.

See likewiſe page 67, where Roſamond has the ſame reflection.

Page 4. Theſe lines of Fletcher are a paraphraſe, or rather tranſlation from Boethius. The whole deſcription is forcible: ſome of the circumſtances perhaps are heightened too much; but it is the fault of this writer to indulge himſelf in every aggravation that Poetry allows, and to ſtretch his prerogative of "quidlibet audendi" to the utmoſt. This ſubject, verſified in a very inferior ſtyle, occurs in his Poetical Miſcellanies, p. 79, ſubjoined to the P. Iſland.—For the effects of muſic on the Infernal Regions it may be almoſt impertinent to refer the reader to the ſtory of Orpheus, 4 Georg. Virgil; and the very maſterly introduction of it by Pope in his Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. The ſame effect is repreſented by Horace as produced by the harps of Sappho and Alcæus, 2 Lib. 13 Od. 33. See alſo his Ode to Mercury, 3 Lib. 11 Od. 15. &c. See likewiſe Milton's P. Loſt, 2 B. 546. 555.

Page 6. This deſcription was immediately taken from Spenſer's Bower of Bliſs, F. Queen. 11 B. 12 Canto; upon ideal Paradiſes of the kind, the beſt Poets in almoſt all ages and nations have laviſhed their deſcriptive powers. Homer has his Gardens of Alcinous, and Virgil his Elyſium, Arioſto his Iſland of Alcina, and Taſſo his Garden of Armida, Camoens his Garden of Venus, Marino his Gardens of Adonis, and laſtly, Du Bartas and

Milton their Gardens of Eden. Thoſe who wiſh for minute and diſcriminative information on this ſubject, are referred to Mickle's Diſſertation. See Luſiad, page 424.

Yet ſtately *portance*, &c.

Thus Milton of Eve,

——————— She Delia's ſelf
In gait ſurpaſs'd, and Goddeſs-like *deport*. B 9. P. L. 389.

There *port* was more than human, as they ſtood. Comus, 297.

Page 7. The inner portch ſeem'd entrance to intice.
See Spenſer, St. LIII. LIV. 11 B. 12 Cant.

Page 8. Which *ſtellified* the roofe with painted colour.

A word in uſe amongſt the Poets of that day. Drayton has it in his Legend of Matilda:

By him who ſtrives to *ſtellify* her name.

Again in Drummond:

With roſes here ſhe *ſtellifyed* the ground. Son. 41.

Jetting Jacks. The word *jetting* ſeldom occurs applied to a perſon; it ſeems here to imply that reſtleſs and unſettled ſtate peculiar to idleneſs. It is uſed by Quarles, deſcribing the Haggard: he ſays, that ſhe

Jets oft from perch to perch— 1 Emb. 3 B.

Sylveſter in his tranſlation of Du. Bartas, has borrowed many of Niccol's lines from this deſcription, which he has printed with very ſlight alterations, and amongſt other expreſſions he applies this to Vice. It will be ſufficient to refer to the paſſage, ſee Fol. Edit. 1641. Lond. p. 101. *Jacks* is a common expreſſion denoting contempt with our older writers. Thus in the Mirror for Magiſtrates we meet with

No golden churle, no elbow-vanting *Jacke*. p. 565.

We ſtill ſay contemptuouſly, "a Jack in Office."

Page 9. ——— *flickering* eye.

A very expreſſive epithet; it is uſed by Dyer in his truly claſſical Poem, the Fleece, to denote the tremulous and fluctuating motion of the waves:

Till, riſing o'er the *flickering* wave, the Cape
Of Fineſterre, &c. 4 B.

The concluding circumſtances of this Piece are literally taken from Spenſer, whoſe exquiſite lines will not it is hoped, be conſidered as unneceſſary here.

Eſtſoons

Eftſoons they heard a moſt melodious ſound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradiſe, be heard elſewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner muſick that mote be;
For all that pleaſing is to living ear,
Was there conſorted in one harmony,
Birds, voices, inſtruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, ſhrouded in chearful ſhade,
Their notes unto the voice attemp'red ſweet;
Th' angelical ſoft-trembling voices made
To th' inſtruments divine reſpondence meet:
The ſilver-ſounding inſtruments did meet
With the baſe murmur of the waters fall:
The waters fall with difference diſcreet,
Now ſoft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle-warbling wind low anſwered to all. LXX. LXXI.

P. 10. In the edition of Chriſt's Victory, together with the Purple Iſland, in 1783, many unwarrantable liberties are taken with the text, nor is the leaſt apology for the proceeding offered, or even the circumſtance itſelf mentioned. In almoſt every page injuries are done to the ſenſe, where improvements were intended. The republication ſeems to have originated from a Letter of Harvey's (ſee Let. LI. 2 vol.), and to have been executed upon the ridiculous plan he there propoſes. Now it is the indiſpenſable duty of every Editor of an ancient poet, to exhibit the ſpelling of his author in the exact ſtate in which he found it, (unleſs indeed in ſuch words as are evidently miſtakes of the preſs,) in order that the reader may trace the progreſs of orthography, together with that of Poetry. Where this practice is not obſerved, a republication is not merely imperfect but dangerous, as it leads to an infinity of miſtakes, and can anſwer no poſſible end but that of multiplying the number of our books without adding to the ſources of our information. Whoever therefore takes up the edition alluded to for the purpoſes of enjoying the poetry, making an extract, or a reference, can never be ſafe as to the authenticity of a ſingle ſtanza. A neat republication of all Giles and Phineas Fletcher's Poetry from the old editions faithfully reprinted, is much wanted.

Elonging joyfull day.

G. Fletcher has a ſimilar term in the ſame Poem. C 1. 41 Stan.

As when the cheerfull ſunne *elamping* wide.

It is in vain to ſearch for either of theſe expreſſions in the Modern Edition, as they are there thus altered:

As when the cheerfull ſun, *light ſpreading wide.*

37 St. C. 1. Mod. Ed.

Keeping back joyful day.

Drummond in his proſe works uſes *evaniſhing*. See p. 222. Edin. Edit. 1711. "Riches being momentary and *evaniſhing*."

The moſt material features of this deſcription are taken from Spenſer. F. Queen. B. 1. C. 9. Stan. 33, 36. This is a curious inſtance of Plagiariſm, and ſerves to ſhew us what little ceremony the Poets of that day laboured under in pilfering from each other. The reader will be amply repaid for his trouble in turning to the paſſage in Spenſer, who ſeems to have put forth all his ſtrength to render the picture complete, and it is in delineations of ſuch a kue that he peculiarly excells. The limits of my book will not permit me to quote the paſſage at length. See alſo Britannia's Paſtorals by Browne, vol. I. p. 162, Thomp. Edit.

Page 13. And on their maſts where oft the ſhip-boy ſtood,
— — — — — — — — — —
Some wearyed crow is ſet.

This Image reminds us of a very ſpirited paſſage in Churchill:

Let cormorants in churches make their neſt,
And on the ſails of Commerce bitterns reſt. GOTHAM.

———— intreating at his doore
For ſeme reliefe whom he ſecured before—

a ſtriking circumſtance, perfectly ſimilar to a well-known paſſage of Young:

Some for hard maſters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour ſav'd. Night I.

Page 5. Wiſhing for death, and yet he could not die.

Prayers are idle, Death is woo'd in vain;
In midſt of death poore wretches long to die.
See Purple Iſland, C. 6. St. 37.

No Poet has exceeded Milton on this ſubject, whoſe lines are far too well known to be here quoted:

His cap borne up with ſtaring of his haire.

A very original incident.

Mr. Hogarth, in his figure of Richard the Third, in the Tent Scene, has repreſented the ring of the Tyrant as having ſtarted beyond the joint of his finger with the violent agitation of his frame. The incident is ſuch as a man of genius only could have conceived, though many look at the picture without attending to the ſublimity of it.

Page 17. —— the ſtill night's *feere* was he.

i. e. companion. Shakſpeare's eulogium on Sleep deſerves a place here as well for its beauty as its reſemblance in ſome degree to Sackville's:

—— the

——————— the innocent Sleep,
Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleave of Care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in Life's feast. MACBETH.

Page 18. The infirmities of Age are no where more emphatically enumerated than in Juvenal, 10 Sat. 190, &c. Churchill, who has an exclusive right to the title of the British Juvenal, has some good lines on this subject. See his Gotham, B. 1. p. 11, 12. 3 vol.

Page 22. And Priam eke in vaine, &c.
The death of Polites, 2 Æn. 526, 557. Virgil. Which affords an excellent subject for a picture; but the Poet in his general account of the sacking of Troy, preceding this particular description, has a circumstance relative to the death of Old Priam not sufficiently attended to as a beauty, yet eminently fine, and which is one of those few strokes that at once evince the superiority of Poetry over Painting:

Vidi Hecubam, centumque nurus Priamumque per aras
Sanguine fœdantem, *quos ipse sacraverat ignes.* 501.

A skilful Painter might have judiciously selected a few of the most interesting, and most melancholy spectacles of the night; he might, by a proper disposition of them, have successfully conveighed to our minds the distress of Hecuba and her female attendants, at the sight of Pyrrhus and the two sons of Atreus; all our finer feelings might have been fully excited by the dead body of Priam himself, at the foot of the altar: but to have told us, that this very altar to which he had vainly fled for protection, and near which he now lay dead, had formerly, in the hour of peace and prosperity, been consecrated by his own hand, would have baffled the powers of his pencil, and have forced from him a confession to this effect; "Nobis non licet esse tam disertis!" Dr. Blair in his Lectures on Rhetoric, in his remarks on Virgil's talents for poetical description, expressly selects this passage, and observes, that "The death of Priam, especially, may be singled out as a master-piece of description." Vol. III. 169. but this the most material circumstance seems to have escaped him:

Page 25. ——————— ordain'd to be
A lasting fame to Edward's victory.

His crest was three ostrich feathers; and his motto, these German words, *Ich dien, I serve*, which the Prince of Wales and his successors adopted in memorial of this great victory. HUME.

Page 26. Antonio Dorta. SPEED.

Page 27. In the time of May a variety of words were unsettled as to their accent, and were used either short or long, according to the will or necessity of the Poet. For instance:

By this strict meanes were more *ascertain'd* there.
Must *contribute* to Philip's overthrow. Page 26.

Thus

Thus in Browne's Paſtorals:

Not that by mindes *commerce*, and joint eſtate. B. I. Song 2.
In three Battalia's, &c. &c.

Holinſhed's account of the diſpoſition of the Engliſh Army, is as follows—"Then he ordeined three battels, in the firſt was the Prince of Wales, and with him the Earl of Warwicke, the Lord Godfrey of Harecourt, the Lord Stafford, the Lord de la Ware, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Riginald Cobham, the Lord Thomas Holland, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew Browaſh, Sir Robert Nevill. They were eight hundred men of armes, and two thouſand archers, and a thouſand of others, with the Welſhmen. In the ſecond battell was the Earle of Northampton, the Earle of Arundell, the Lords Ros and Willowbie, Baſſet, S. Albine, Multon, and others. The third battel the King led himſelfe, having with him ſeven hundred men of armes, and two thouſand archers; and in the other battell even to the number of eight thouſand men of armes, and twelve hundred archers. Thus was the Engliſh armie marſhalled according to the report of Froiſſard." Chron. p. 371.

Page 28. Darke grew the troubled ayre, &c. &c.

Both Speed and Holinſhed mention this. The following extract is from the latter: "Alſo at the ſame inſtant there fell a great raine, and an eclipſe with a terrible thunder, and before the raine there came flieng over both armies a great number of crowes, for feare of the tempeſt coming." P. 372.

Twixt both the Marſhalls, &c. &c.

Thus placed to the beſt advantage, King Edward viſiteth the ranckes in perſon, riding upon a pleaſant hobby (having onely a white rod in his hand, as if he would chaſtiſe fortune) betweene the two Marſhalls of his field: whoſe very preſence, with a few ſeaſonable and unenforced words on behalfe of God and his right, in ſteed of long orations, did inſpire the fainteſt hearts among them with freſheſt vigour and alacritie. SPEED, 577

Page 32. *Horror* in all her ſaddeſt ſhapes appear'd.

Sir P. Sidney has a very ſublime deſcription of a field of Battle: "And now the often changing fortune began alſo to change the hue of the battels; for, at the firſt, though it were terrible, yet terror was decked ſo bravely with rich furniture, gilt ſwords, ſhining armours, pleaſant pencils, that the eye with delight had ſcarce leiſure to be afraid: but now all univerſally defiled with duſt, broken armour, mangled bodies, took away the maſk, *and ſet forth Horror in his own horrible manner.*

Pemb. Arcadia, B. III. 446.

Page 33. But moſt the warrelike Monarch of Boheme, &c. &c.

The circumſtance of his valiant death, and the flight of his ſon, is thus mentioned by Holinſhed:—The valiant king of Bohem being almoſt blind, cauſed his men to faſten all the reins of the bridels of their horſes ech to other, and ſo he being himſelfe amongſt them in the foremoſt ranke, they ran on their enemies. The lord Charles of Boheme, ſonne to the ſame king,

king, and late elected emperour, came in good order to the battel; but when he ſaw how the matter went awrie on their part, he departed and ſaved himſelf. His father, by the means aforeſaid, went ſo far forward, that, joining with his enemies, he fought right valiantlie, and ſo did all his companie: but finallie being entred within the preaſe of their enemies, they were of them incloſed and ſlaine, together with the king their maſter, and the next daie found dead, lieng about him, and their horſes all tied ech to other. P. 372.

The attitude May has repreſented the brave old King as found in, is a very fine one:

His cold dead hand did yet that ſword retaine
Which living erſt it did ſo bravelie wield.

One of the fineſt of the Marlborough gems, a copy of which collection was ſome ſhort time ſince preſented by the Duke to the Bodleian Library, is a dying Amazon; ſhe is drawn as juſt falling from her horſe, and ſupported by an attendant in all the languor of death, but ſtill graſping her bow in her right hand. In the very elegant explanation that accompanies the plate are theſe words: "*Penthefileam eſſe creditur: quæ licet ſpiritum ægrè trahens nondum tamen arcum e manu emiſit.*" 48 Gem. Some of the moſt remarkable and moſt ſtriking beauties in Poetry, Painting, and Statuary, are taken immediately from the agonies of Death. Virgil has a circumſtance in this way full of horrid minuteneſs, which is by ſome conſidered as a blemiſh, but ſurely too faſtidiouſly:

Te deciſa ſuum, Laride, dextera quærit
Semianimeſque micant digiti *ferrumque retractant.* ÆN. X. 395.

The ſame Poet, in deſcribing the arms of Minerva, repreſents the Meduſa on her breaſt-plate as ſtill rolling its eyes after the head is ſevered from the neck:

——————— ipſamque in pectore Divæ
Gorgona, *deſecto vertentem lumina collo.* Æn. VIII. 437.

For remarks on ſimilar ſubjects, ſee Mr. Spence's moſt excellent Eſſay on the Odyſſey, p. 44, 45.

Page 34. A moſt compleat and glorious victory.

The ſlaughter of the Frenchmen was great and lamentable, namelie for the loſſe of ſo manie nobleman, as were ſlaine at the ſame battell, fought between Creſſie and Broy on the ſaturdaie next following the feaſt of Saint Bartholomew being (as that yeare fell) the 26th. of Auguſt. Among others which died that daie, theſe I find regiſtered by name as cheefeſt, John King of Bohemie, Rafe Duke of Lorraine, Charles of Alanſo, brother germane to King Philip, Charles Earle of Blois, Lewis Earl of Flanders, alſo the Earle of Harecourt, brother to the Lord Geoffrie of Harcourt; with the Earles of Auſſere, Aumerle, and Saint Poule, beſides diverſe other of the nobilitie. Holinſhed's Chron, 372. The number of the ſlain (according to Hume) was as follows; "On the day of battle, and on the enſuing, there fell, by a moderate computation, 1200 French Knights,

Knights, 1400 gentlemen, 4000 men at arms, beſides about 30,000 of inferior rank."—On the ſide of the Engliſh, he ſays, "there were killed in it only one Eſquire, and three Knights, and a very few of inferior rank."

Pages 35 and 36. Theſe beautiful lines ſeem to have ſuggeſted the plan of a moſt exquiſite little piece called "*The Hamlet*," by Mr. T. Warton, which contains ſuch a ſelection of beautiful rural images as perhaps no other poem of equal length in our language preſents us with. The latter part of it more cloſely reminds us of Fletcher. A ſhepherd's life is to be found in Spenſer's Fairy Queen, B. VI. Cant. 9, St. 20. See likewiſe J. Sylveſter's Tranſlation of Du Bartas. Ed. 1641. page 29, 36.

Page 37. It may not be amiſs to ſet before the reader a few extracts from our old Hiſtorians, relative to the caſtle of Nottingham, and the capture of Mortimer there. "There was in the caſtle of Nottingham (and at this day is), a certaine ſecret way or mine cut through a rocke, upon which the ſaid caſtle is built, one iſſue whereof openeth toward the river Trent, which runnes under it, and the other venteth itſelfe farre within upon the ſurface, and is (at this preſent) called *Mortimer's* hole; through this the young King, well armed and ſtrongly ſeconded, was conducted with drawne ſwords, by ſome his truſty and ſworne ſervants (among which was that brave Montacute, whom his virtues under this King raiſed to the Earledome of Saliſbury, &c. &c.) up to the Queene's chamber, whoſe dore (ſo fearleſs is blinded affection) was unſhut, and with her was Mortimer ready to goe to bed, whom, with the ſlaughter of a Knight, and one or two that reſiſted, they laid hold upon. This was not reputed a ſlender enterpriſe, in regard, that in Mortimer's retinue were not fewer (they ſay) then one hundredth and fourſcore Knights, beſides Eſquires and Gentlemen. Speed's Chron. Ed. 1627, p. 580."

Leland, in his Itinerary, gives a very particular account of the place, but too long for inſertion here. What directly relates to Mortimer is this: "The dungeon or kepe of the Caſtel ſtondith by South and Eſt, and is exceeding ſtrong *et natura loci et opere*. Ther is an old fair chapelle, and a welle of a gret depthe; and there is alſo a chochlea with a turret over it, wher the kepers of the Caſtella ſay Edwarde the thirdes band cam up thorough the rok, and toke the Earle Mortymer Priſoner. Ther is yet a faire ſtaire to go downe by the rok to the ripe of line." Hearne's Edit. fol. 3, 1745. Holinſhed's account is the following;—In a parlement holden at Notingham, about ſaint Luke's tide, Sir Roger Mortimer, the earle of March, was apprehended the ſeventeenth day of October, within the caſtell of Notingham, where the king with the two queenes, his mother and his wife, and diverſe other were as then lodged, and though the keies of the caſtell of Notingham were dailie and nightlie in the cuſtodie of the ſaid earle of March, and that his power was ſuch, as it was doubted how he might be arreſted (for he had, as ſome writers affirme, at that preſent in retinue nine ſcore knights, beſides eſquires, gentlemen and yeomen) yet at length by the king's helpe, the lord William Montacute, the lord Humfrie de Bohun, and his brother Sir William, the lord Rafe Stafford, the lord Robert Clifford, the lord William Clinton, the lord John Nevill of Hornbie, and diverſe other, which had accuſed the ſaid earle of March for the murther of king Edward the ſecond, found means by intelligence had with Sir William de Cland, conſtable of the caſtell of Notingham,

Notingham, to take the ſaid earle of March, with his ſonne the lord Roger or Geffrey Mortimer, and Simon Fereford, with other. — Sir Hugh Trumpington (or Turrington as ſome copies have), that was one of his cheefeſt freends, with certaine other, were ſlaine as they were about to reſiſt againſt the lord Montacute and his company in taking of the ſaid earle. The manner of his taking I paſſe over, bicauſe of the diverſitie in report thereof by ſundrie writers. From Notingham he was ſent up to London with his ſonne the lord Roger or Geoffry de Mortimer, Sir Simon Bereford, and the other priſoners, where they were committed to priſon in the Tower. Shortlie after was a parlement called at Weſtminſter, cheefelie (as was thought) for reformation of things diſordered through the miſgovernance of the earle of March. But whoſoever was glad or ſorie for the trouble of the ſaid earle, ſuerlie the queene mother took it moſt heavilie above all other, as ſhe that loved him more (as the fame went) than ſtood with her honour. For as ſome write, ſhe was found to be with child by him. They kept, as it were, houſe togither; for the earle, to have his proviſion the better cheape, laid his penie with hirs, ſo that hir takers ſerved him as well as they did hir, both of vittels and carriages; of which miſuſage (all regard to honour and eſtimation neglected) everie ſubject ſpake ſhame. For their manner of dealing, tending to ſuch evill purpoſes as they continuallie thought upon, could not be ſecret from the eies of the people, and their offenſe heerein was ſo much the more heinous, becauſe they were perſons of an extraordinarie degree, and were the more narrowlie marked of the multitude or common people. P. 349.

Page 39. ——— an *eſtate* of lawn.

That is, a *canopy* of lawn. *State* was the word more commonly uſed.

> His high throne which under *ſtate*
> Of richeſt texture. Book X, p. 441, Paradiſe Loſt.

Page 46. And through the *ragged entrails* of the cave.

Thus Shakeſpeare in a much-admired ſimile:

> Which like a taper in ſome monument
> Doth ſhine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
> That ſhews the *ragged entrails* of this pit.
>
> Titus And. Scene VI.

Page 47. Carnarvon Edward's manes had poſſeſt
The roome, &c. &c.

Oh Mortimer's impeachment, the firſt of the five articles laid to his charge, was, "That he had procured Edward of Carnarvon, the king's father, to be murthered, in moſt heinous and tyrannous manner, within the caſtel of Berklie." Holinſhed, p. 349.

Page 48. Dear Son (for well ſhe knew her ſon was there), &c. &c.

May ſeems here to have conſulted Stow in his account. "Upon a certaine night, the king lying without the caſtle (Nottingham) both he and his friends were brought by torch light through a ſecret way under ground,

beginning far off from the ſayde caſtle, till they came even to the Queenes chamber, which they by chance found open: they therefore being armed with naked ſwords in their hands, went forwards leaving the king alſo armed without the doore of the chamber, leaſt that his mother ſhoulde eſpie him: they which entred in ſlew *Hugh Turpington*, knight, who reſiſted them, Maſter *John Newel* of Horn, by giving him his deadly wound. From thence they went toward the Queene Mother, whom they found with the earle of March readie to have gone to bedde: and having taken the ſayde Earle, they ledde him ont into the hall, after whom the Queene followed, crying, *Bel filz, Bel filz, ayes pitie de gentil Mortimer*: Good ſonne, good ſonne, take pittie upon gentle Mortimer, for ſhe ſuſpected that her ſonne was there, though ſhe ſaw him not." Chron. fol. 1615, p. 229.

Page 49. The particular relation that the whole of this Piece bears to many paſſages in Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, and the great ſublimity of the Poetry, are reaſons ſufficient to make it acceptable to every reader of taſte, notwithſtanding its being a tranſlation. Of the *Soſpetto D' Herode* it is to be lamented, that poetical readers in general know ſo little, from the ſpecimen here produced, every Engliſh reader muſt be inclined to wiſh for more. A very intelligent correſpondent in Maty's Review for March, 1785, (Article; Phillip's Edition of Craſhaw) has told us, that the whole Poem has already been rendered into Engliſh verſe, and that the title-page of the tranſlation ſtands thus. "The ſlaughter of the Innocents by Herod; written in Italian by the famous poet the Cavalier Marino, in four books, newly Engliſhed, 1675; to which is added in my copy in writing, "Engliſhed by T. R;" to whom the initials T. R. belong I know not; but the tranſlation ſeems ſuperior to Craſhaw."——An Epitome of the 2d book is then given. Surely a republication of this Tranſlation would be highly worth republiſhing, particularly if executed in a ſuperior ſtyle to Craſhaw, which ſeems to me hardly poſſible:

His eyes the ſullen dens of Death and Night, &c.

Milton gives him

——————— eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd. 193. 1 B.

Milton has this ſimile of a Comet in his 2d Book.

——————— on th' other ſide,
Incens'd with indignation Satan ſtood,
Unterrify'd; *and like a comet*, burn'd,
That fires th' Arctic ſky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes peſtilence and war. — 710.

Again, he compares him to the ſun in an Eclipſe. 598. 1 B. P. Loſt.

Page 50. While his ſteel ſides ſound with his tail's ſtrong laſh.

Thus Milton ſpeaking of the Old Dragon, upon the very ſame occaſion:

Swindges the ſcaly horrour of his tail.
Hymn of the Nativ. 18 Stan.

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Page 51. He ſaw rich nectar thaws releaſe the rigor, &c.

For an oppoſite picture to this, ſee Shakſpeare's Midſum. Night's Dream.

——————— hoary headed froſts
Fall in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe;
And on old Hyem's chill and icy crown
An od'rous chaplet of ſweet ſummer buds
Is as in mockery ſet. Act. 2. Sc. 2.

Page 52. He ſaw the falling idols all confeſs
A coming Deity.

See Milton's Hymn on the Nativity, where theſe particulars are moſt ſublimely enumerated, IX Stan. &c. among other portents, that of the Oracles having been all ſtruck dumb is not the moſt inconſiderable. G. Fletcher, in his Chriſt's Victorie, publiſhed in 1610, ſome time before Milton could poſſiby have compoſed his Ode, has a ſimilar idea on the ſame occaſion:

The Angells caroll'd, low'd their ſongs of peace,
The curſed Oracles wear ſtrucken dumb;
To ſee their Shepheard, the poore ſhepheards preſs,
To ſee their King, the kingly Sophies come. 82 St. Can. 1.

For the fulleſt information on this ſubject, ſee Mr. T. Warton's Edit. of Milton's Minor Poems, p. 280, to which this paſſage may be added:

He ſhook himſelf, and ſpread *his ſpacious wings*, &c.
In the ſame ſtyle Milton talks of *his ſail-broad vans*. B 2. P. Loſt.

Page 55. What though I miſt my blow, &c.

Thus Milton:

——————— what though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; th' unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield. B. 1.

Phineas Fletcher thus, in a ſimilar ſpirit, deſcribes the Dragon:

Yet full of malice and of ſtubborn pride,
Though oft had ſtrove, and had been foil'd as oft,
Boldly his death and certain fate defi'd:
And mounted on his flaggie ſails aloft,
With boundleſſe ſpite he long'd to try again
A ſecond loſſe, and new death; glad and fain
To ſhew his poiſonous hate, though ever ſhew'd in vain.

So up he roſe upon *his ſtretched ſails*,
Fearleſſe expecting his approaching death:
So up he roſe, that th' ayer ſtarts, and fails,
And over-preſſed * ſinks his load beneath:
So up he roſe, as does a thunder-cloud,
Which all the earth with ſhadows black does ſhroud:
So up he roſe and through the weary ayer row'd.

P. Iſland. 12 Can. 58. St.

See alſo a very ſpirited Speech in G. Fletcher's Chriſts Triumph, Part 1. 20 Stan.

Page 58. The image of Death, who is here deſcribed as maſter of this murderous groupe, being almoſt out of breath with endleſs buiſneſs, can never be ſufficiently commended:

The cup they drink in is Meduſa's ſcull.

This circumſtance reminds us of a paſſage in a Runic Ode preſerved by Olaus Wormius, the old Scandinavian warrior Lodbrog, diſdaining life and thinking on the joys of immortality, which he was ſoon about to ſhare in the hall of Odin, exclaims in a high ſpirit of ſavage ſublimity:

Bibemus cereviſiam
Ex concavis craniorum crateribus.

Page 58. They prick a bleeding heart at every ſtitch.
This line muſt immediately recall to the minds of the lovers of Gray, his "Fatal Siſters," an Ode tranſlated from the Norſe.

Page 59. ——————— a black wood
Which *nods* with many a heavy-headed tree.

And low-brow'd rocks hang *nodding* o'er the deeps.

Pope's Eloiſa.

Page 60. ——— tam'd the rebellious eye
Of ſorrow.

An expreſſion of infinite beauty and force, it is uſed by ſome one of our later poets; but I am now unable to turn to the paſſage.

Page 61. She thinks not fit ſuch he her face ſhould ſee,

As it is ſeen by Hell, and ſeen with dread.

The reverſe of this, that is in a good ſenſe, is Virgil's:

——————— qualiſque videri
Cælicolis et quanta ſolet. 2 Æn.

* See Milton, 225, B. 1. The original is to be found in Spenſer's F. Queen, B. 1. Cant. 11. 18 Stan. where the air is repreſented as too light to ſupport the weight of the Old Dragon. Sound was never more completely rendered an echo to ſenſe than in the laſt line of the 2d Stanza, which I have quoted from P. Fletcher:

"*So up he roſe and through the weary ayer rowd.*"

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Page 66. But ſits at home *with folded arms.*

Shakſpeare, who above all others has the power of giving to common circumſtances an air the moſt uncommon, has a pretty image of this kind, Ariel is deſcribing to Proſpero in what manner he had executed his orders: amongſt other things he adds:

> The King's ſon have I landed by himſelf,
> Whom I left cooling of the air with ſighs
> In an odd angle of the Iſle, and ſitting
> *His arms in this ſad knot.* TEMPEST.

Page 67. ——————wiſhing in vaine
She could recall her virgine ſtate againe.

Thus Rowe in his Jane Shore:

> In vain with tears her loſs ſhe may deplore;
> In vain look back to what ſhe was before.

When that *unblemiſh'd forme,*

Thus Milton in his Comus:

> And thou *unblemiſh'd form* of Chaſtity. 215.

He had originally written, "And thou *unſpotted forme* of Chaſtity." How far this expreſſion of May might influence him in the alteration, it is impoſſible to determine:

> O! then ſhe wiſh'd her beauties ne'er had been
> Renown'd;——

I cannot reſiſt the opportunity of quoting a few fine lines from Daniel on this occaſion, and on this very ſubject:

> Did nature (for this good) ingeniate,
> To ſhew in thee the glory of her beſt;
> *Framing thine eye the ſtar of thy ill fate,*
> Making thy face the foe to ſpoil the reſt?
> O Beauty, thou an enemy profeſt
> To chaſtity, and us, that love thee moſt,
> Without thee, how w' are loath'd, and with thee loſt?
> COMPL. OF ROSAMOND,

The *roſie tincture* her ſweete cheekes forſooke.

Thus Milton,

> What need a *vermeil-tinctur'd* lip for that. COMUS.

The tale of Fair Roſamond is altogether moſt happily adapted to the purpoſes of poetry, nor has it eſcaped the notice of our older poets, for (exclusive of May) Warner, Drayton, and Daniel, have each tried their reſpective powers upon it. P. Fletcher, in his P. Iſland, alludes to one of them, though it is uncertain which, Cant. 5. Stan. XLV. Both Drayton and

Daniel mention the circumſtance of King Henry's having preſented Roſamond, the night before her ruin, with a caſket wrought with the ſtory of Neptune and Amymone; this little incident is moſt probably from hiſtory. The neceſſary curious information for illuſtrating the whole ſtory may be found in Dr. Perey's Reliques, vol. II. p. 141. who has entirely anticipated me on the ſubject. It may be neceſſary to appriſe ſome readers, that the word Bower was formerly uſed with conſiderably greater latitude than at preſent; and when applied to the reſidence of Roſamond, as it frequently is, means ſimply, retreat, private abode, it annexs with it an idea of retirement, but no farther. Thus Spenſer in his LXX Sonnet, invokes the Spring:

Go to my love, where ſhe is careleſs laid,
Yet in her Winter's *Bowre* not well awake.

The term occurs in almoſt every page of our old Poets, with the ſame general ſignification. The word *Cabin* is uſed in a ſimilar manner:

Page 71. Look how a mother, &c.
See Browne's Brit. Paſt. Song 4. B 2. firſt lines.

Page 73. When others ſleepe whych may enjoy their *makes*.

A common expreſſion for *mates*. Thus Spenſer, in his fine Sonnet to the Spring:

Where every one that miſſeth then her *make*. LXX.

Page 74. My choſen *pheare*. Sometimes ſpelt *fere*, and is uſed indifferently for huſband, lover, or companion:

My gem, and all my joy.

An expreſſion of endearment of great beauty. Thus Antony ſays in Shakſpeare:

Have I my pillow left unpreſt in Rome,
Forborn the getting of a lawful race,
And by a *gem* of women. Sc. 11.

Page 77. She caſting downe her baſhfull eyes, &c.

Theſe two lines contain the very ſoul of ſimplicity: they are in the writer's beſt manner, and may ſafely vie with any modern lines on a ſimilar ſubject.

Page 78. Live ſafe, therefore, for in thy life conſiſts the life of twaine.

Similarity of ſituation muſt unavoidably produce ſimilarity of ſentiment, and conſequently of expreſſion: perhaps few readers will peruſe this line without immediately calling to mind the concluſion of a ſong conſiderably too popular to be here introduced.

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Page 79. Warner has here taken an opportunity of ridiculing the taſte for Tilts and Tournaments, then ſo much in faſhion:

——————*Tantara* to the fight.

Thus Sylveſter, in his Tranſlation of Du Bartas:

A heav'nly trump, a ſhrill *Tantara* blowes. 173.

Page 80. Dawlian bird:

Sola virum non ulta piè mœſtiſſima mater
Concinit Iſmarium *Daulius ales* Ityn.
Ales Ityn, Sappho deſertos cantat amores
Hactenus, ut mediâ cætera nocte ſilent.
OVID. Saph. Ph. 153.

Page 84. I finde my fault, but follow it, &c.

Thus Pope:

I view my crime, but kindle at the view. ELOISA.

Page 90. Wrong not thy fair youth, &c.
See this argument purſued at large in Milton's Comus, 737, &c.

Page 91. ——— my delicious cheek
Tincted with crimſon.

Expreſs'd with a delicate felicity, ſuperior to Milton's, "vermeil-tinctur'd lip," which it might have contributed perhaps originally to ſuggeſt; but Milton's very epithet occurs in the poetry of Ed. Benlowes. 1 Cant. St. 21. 1652. Fol. Edit.

Crouch low! O *vermeil-tinctur'd* cheek.

Page 93. Forgotten as our favours in a glaſs.

A thought peculiarly in the ſtyle of Shakſpeare, yet, to the beſt of my knowledge, unborrowed from him. What follows, namely his comparing the pleaſures of life to

A very tale of that which never was.

Is an improvement, I think, upon Shakſpeare's compariſon of life to

——————— a tale
Told by an ideot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing. MACBETH, Scene 5.

Speed gives the following relation of this ſtory. "King John diſherited ſome noblemen without judgement of their peeres, and he would have deſtroyed Ranulph Earle of Cheſter, for that he reproched him with this, that he ſhould uſe the wife of his brother Geffrey, Earle of Brytaine, whom Ranulph Earle of Cheſter had married, and from whom Ranulph

was divorced by the council of King John, and the ſaid Earle had married the daughter of the Earle Ferrers. King John being now in extremity, and mindinge to impute the fault to them that would not appeaſe his fury aforetime, reprehended ſometimes one, and ſometimes an other of his nobility, as traytors, calling them jealous, whoſe beds (as he bragged) he had defiled, and defloured their daughters. The Chronicle of Dunmow ſaith, this diſcord aroſe betwixt the king and his barons becauſe of Mawde, called the faire, daughter to Robert Fitz Walter, whom the king loved, but her father would not conſent, and thereupon enſued war throughout England. The king ſpoiled eſpecially the caſtle Baynard in London, and other holds, and houſes of the Barons. Robert Fitz Walter, Roger Fitz Robert, and Richard Mount Fitchet, paſſed over into France; ſome alſo went into Wales, and ſome into Scotland, and did great damage to the king. Whileſt Mawde the Faire remained at Dunmow, there came a meſſenger unto her from king John about his ſuit in love; but becauſe ſhe would not agree, the meſſenger poiſoned a boiled or potched egge againſt ſhe was hungerie, whereof ſhe died, and was buried in the quire at Dunmow." STOW'S ANNALES, 1615. Ed. p. 170.

Page 95. As there we ſtood, the countrie round we ey'd, &c.

If we conſider the time in which this was written, we cannot but admire the juſtneſs and propriety of the rural ſcenery here ſelected.

How the *gray* ſhepherd. The epithet *gray* refers to his dreſs and not his age. Thus Drayton deſcribes the ſame character:

The Shepheard ware a *ſheepe-gray* cloke,
Which was of the fineſt loke
That could be cut with ſheere. DOWSABELL.

Page 100. This public entry of Henry and Bolinbroke, is thus introduced and deſcribed by Shakſpeare.

Scene 3. *The Duke of York's Palace. Enter York and his Dutcheſs.*

Dutch. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Dutch. At that ſad ſtop, my Lord,
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from window tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King Richard's head.
York. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and firey ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow but ſtately pace kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cry'd, *God ſave thee Bolingbroke!*
You would have thought the very windows ſpake;
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls

With

With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud ſteed's neck
Beſpoke them thus, "*I thank you, country-men;*"
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.
Dutch. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even ſo, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did ſcowl on Richard; no man cry'd, *God ſave him!*
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
But duſt was thrown upon his ſacred head;
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhook off,
His face ſtill combating with tears and ſmiles,
The badges of his grief and patience;
That had not God, for ſome ſtrong purpoſe, ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce have melted,
And barbariſm itſelf have pitied him.
But Heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we ſworn ſubjects now,
Whoſe ſtate and honour I for aye allow. RICHARD II.

Page 102. Are theſe the triumphs for thy victories?

In the ſame ſpirit with Virgil's,

Hi noſtri reditus expectatique triumphi! II Æn. 54.

Page 106. Theſe heares, of age are meſſengers, &c.

See Dr. Percy's Ballads, who has printed the following fine traditional lines, being part of an old ſong which he profeſſes to have received from a friend:

——— his reverend lockes
In comelye curles did wave;
And on his aged temples grewe
The bloſſomes of the grave. p. 160. vol. II.

Page 107. Were not the ſmother'd children buried deep?

There is much nature in this ſpirited interrogation.

Page 109. ——— he takes his helmet bright,
Which like a twinkling ſtarre, with trembling light
Sends radiant luſtre through the darkſome aire:

This deſcription of a piece of armour is as fine as any thing I am able to recollect of the kind. Let the reader compare it with the following lines of Glover;

——— ——— his glittering ſhield
Whoſe ſpacious orb collects th' effulgent beams
Which from his throne meridian Phœbus caſt,
Flames like another ſun. LEONIDAS.

Page 113. Thrice happy you, that look as from the ſhore, &c.

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius ſpectare laborem;
Non quia vexari quemquam eſt jucunda voluptas,
Sed quibus ipſe malis careas, quia cernere ſuave eſt.
Lucret. 2 Lib.

On the ſubject of kindred ſenſations to this, I have been always pleaſed with the following paſſage in Dr. Johnſon's Journey to the Weſtern Iſlands. "We came in the afternoon to *Slanes Caſtle*, built upon the margin of the ſea, ſo that the walls of one of the towers ſeem only a continuation of a perpendicular rock, the foot of which is beaten by the waves. To walk round the houſe ſeemed impracticable; from the windows the eye wanders over the ſea that ſeparates Scotland from Norway, and when the winds beat with violence muſt enjoy all the terrifick grandeur of the tempeſtuous ocean. I would not for my amuſement wiſh for a ſtorm; but as ſtorms, whether wiſhed or not, will ſometimes happen, I may ſay, without violation of humanity, that I ſhould willingly look out upon them from Slanes Caſtle." p. 36.

NOTES.

VOLUME II.

Page 3. Keenly they hunted, &c.

To this and the ſucceeding lines, may with juſtice be applied, what Dr. Warton has obſerved of ſome lines of Pope. "The metaphors in the ſucceeding lines, drawn from the field-ſports of ſetting and ſhooting, ſeem below the dignity of the ſubject." 2 Vol. 124, on Pope.

Page 6. There is a moral charm in theſe little pieces of Southwell, that will prejudice moſt readers of feeling in favour of their author; ſhould theſe volumes meet with ſucceſs, the publiſher of them will make it his buiſneſs to collect and republiſh the better part of Southwell's poetry, which is now entirely forgotten, and very ſcarce. Bolton, in his Hypercritica, makes mention of him. "Never muſt be forgotten St. Peter's Complaint, and thoſe other ſerious poems ſaid to be father Southwell's: the Engliſh whereof, as it is moſt proper, ſo the ſharpneſs and light of wit is very rare in them."

Page 9. Whereon when as the gazing paſſenger, &c.

Pope had a ſimilar idea in his intended Ode on the Folly of Ambition, the ſketch of which is preſerv'd in Ruffhead, p. 424.

Page 9. And there Ambri plac'd in memory, &c.

See Selden's Notes to Drayton's Poly Olbion. Song 3. Mr. Warton's Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry, 1 Vol. p. 53.

Page 10. And are become a traitor to their name.

Thus Drayton ſpeaking of the ſame place. Poly-Olbion, 3 Song.

Ill did thoſe mighty men to truſt thee with their ſtory
That haſt forgot their names, who rear'd thee for their glory:
For all their wondrous coſt, thou that haſt ſerv'd them ſo,
What 'tis to truſt to tombs, by thee we eaſily know.

Page 13. ——— the *ſacred* luſt of gold
Now fires thy ſpirit.

Sacred is here uſed in the ſenſe of *accurſed* like the *auri ſacra fames* of Virgil. 3 Æn. 57.

Page 15. But ſince our life ſo faſt away doth ſlide, &c.

Life's ſtream for obſervation will not ſtay,
It hurries all too faſt to mark their way:
In vain ſedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we muſt ſnatch, not take.
On human actions reaſon tho' you can,
It may be reaſon, but it is not man;
His principles of action once explore,
That inſtant 'tis his principle no more.
Pope's Epiſt. to Sir R. Temple.

Page 16. Where is th' Aſſyrian Lion's golden hide, &c.

Thus Spenſer in "The Ruines of Time."

What now is of th' Aſſyrian Lioneſs,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Perſian bear's outrageouſneſs,
Whoſe memory is quite worn out with years?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
That over-ran the Eaſt with greedy powre,
And left his welps their Kingdoms to devour?
p. 9. Hugh. Edit.

And that black Vulture, which with deathfull wing
Ore-ſhadowes half the earth——

Mr. Hayley, in his Eſſay on Hiſtory, has a very bold and magnificent image of this kind. He is about to deſcribe Livy, Ep. i.

Of mightier ſpirit, of majeſtic frame;
With powers proportion'd to the Roman fame,
When Rome's fierce Eagle his broad wings unfurl'd
And ſhadow'd with his plumes the ſubject world
In bright pre-eminence, &c.

Page

Page 18. Brave minds, oppreſt, ſhould in deſpight of fate,
Looke greateſt, like the ſune, in loweſt ſtate.

Blair has the ſame thought in his fine poem, the Grave, ſpeaking of the death of the juſt man:

By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away,
Yet, like the ſun, ſeems larger at his ſetting.
Edinb. Edit. p. 31.

Page 19. ——— *unflatttred* age.

A very original epithet.

Page 20. Yet know, what buſie path ſoere you tread
To Gratneſſe, you muſt ſleepe among the dead.

How comprehenſively, how plainly, yet how ſublimely, hath Gray expreſſed this trite ſentiment:

The paths of glory lead but to the grave. Church-yard.

Page 22. With others I *commune*. See note on p. 27. Vol. I.

Page 25. ——— could I vie
Angels with India.

An *angel* is a piece of coin, value ten ſhillings. The words *to vie angels*, are a periphraſis, and ſignify *to compare wealth*. See Sir J. Hawkins's note on the paſſage, p. 264. Walton's Comp. Angler—Cartwright uſes the word *Angels*:

You ſhall ne'r know what *angels*, peeces, pounds
Theſe names of want and beggary mean;—
The Ordinary, Act 2. Sc. 3.

Page 27. Read on this dial, &c. No poet whatever has introduced this circumſtance with the happineſs of Shakſpeare; who compares the ſilent and almoſt imperceptible flight of beauty, to the ſtealing ſhadow of a ſun-dial. As the lines are in one of his minor poems, they may probably have eſcaped the notice of common readers:

Ah yet doth Beautie like a dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no place perceived;
So your ſweete hew, which me-thinks ſtill doth ſtand
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
Conſtant Affection. Shak. Poems, 1640. Edit.

The verſes are incorrect, but the idea is fine—the ſhadow ſteals from the dial's hand, and not the dial's hand from the ſhadow—

My ſhort-lived winter's day!—

Dyer,

Dyer, in his well-known Grongar Hill, well denominates the ſmile of Fate:

A ſun-beam in a winter's day.

For farther obſervations on this piece, ſee Jackſon's very elegant and ſenſible Letters. 2 Vol. 19 Let.

Page 28. *Flame-ey'd* Fury. An epithet highly original and fine. Shakſpeare uſes *fire-ey'd* Fury, in his Romeo and Juliet.

Page 29. For farther obſervations, ſee 2 Vol. 30 Let. Jackſon's Letters, where both theſe particular pieces of Quarles were firſt more immediately brought forward to the public eye.

Page 30. Theſe lines ſigned F. K. are probably written by Francis Kinwelmerſhe, a contributor to the collection in which they appear, and a ſtudent of Grays-Inn. He aſſiſted Gaſcoigne in his Tragedy of Jocaſta.

Page 34. But how may I this honour now attaine,
That cannot, &c.

Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die. Johnſon's London.

Page 35. Grinne when he laughs, &c.
To ſhake with laughter ere the jeſt you hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear,
And as their Patron hints the cold or heat,
To ſhake in dog-days, in December ſweat. Johnſon's London.

Page 36. ———— and him true and playne,
That rayleth reachleſs unto eche man's ſhame.

Thus Horace:

———— at eſt truculentior, atque
Plus æquo liber; ſimplex fortiſque habeatur. 3 Sat. 1 Lib. 51.

Page 40. And her eternall fame be read,
When all, but very Vertue's dead.

Somewhat in the manner of Collins:

Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd till Pity's ſelf be dead. DIRGE.

Page 41. I have always conſidered this Epitaph as Carew's Maſterpiece. The ſubject of it may poſſibly be the ſame perſon, to whoſe nuptials with Lord Charles Herbert, Davenant has inſcribed ſome verſes. p. 238. Fol. Edit.

Page 43. Honours to deviſe.

The Edinburgh Folio Edit. reads more properly, "honours *doſt* deviſe."

The exclamation in the laſt line of this piece is particularly in Drummond's beſt manner.

Page 44. Sylveſter inſcribes a Hymn, "To the worthy friend of worthineſſe, Sir Peter Manwood, Knight of the Honourable order of the Bath. The father probably of Browne's friend. 561 p. Fol. Edit.

Againſt the broad ſpread oke
Each wind in furie bears;
Yet fell their leaves not halfe ſo faſt
As did the Shepheard's teares.

In mere unempaſſioned deſcription, Similies which are derived from foreign and remote objects, are frequently uſed with ſucceſs; for at the ſame time that they afford the writer an opportunity of ſhewing his knowledge, they enrich and add a variety to Poetry, that it might not have attained by any other means. Yet in pathetic ſituations when they immediately ariſe from the ſubject itſelf, or ſome collateral branch of it they conveigh the moſt direct and unequivocal illuſtration with a conciſeneſs and expreſſion truly admirable. But how frequent is the practice, even with our beſt writers, in ſituations the moſt pathetic, and in narratives the moſt urgent and intereſting, cooly to take leave of their ſubject. for the ſake of introducing a compariſon of perhaps ten or twelve lines! The conſequence is, that our former ſympathy is thoroughly deſtroyed, and after toiling through the lines in queſtion, we are left to recall our attention, aſſociate our diſtracted ideas, and recover the loſt tone of our feelings at our leiſure, which is by this time moſt probably totally out of our power. In ſuch caſes, a Simile taken from the ground of the piece, (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) by confining our attention wholly to the ſubject, and by giving us what we want, without obliging us to wander in queſt of it, would in three words, almoſt have completely anſwered the end of the Poet. I will ſubjoin an inſtance or two of this comprehenſive kind of illuſtration. Mallet thus deſcribes the father of Edwin:

The Father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the clod,
From whence his riches grew.

Edw. and Emma.

Above all others perhaps Collins affords one of the moſt beautiful ſpecimens, in lines that few have read without emotion. Zara exclaims,

"Farewell the Youth whom ſighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet as thou go'ſt may ev'ry blaſt ariſe
Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me."

Eclog. 2.

Broke

Broke was his tunefull pipe
That charm'd the chriſtall floods.

Thus Milton, in the fineſt vein of Poetry:

Thyrſis! whoſe artful ſtrains have oft delay'd
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal. 494 Comus.

Page 46. ——— and violets
For ſorrow hang their heads.

Milton, inſtead of repreſenting the vegetable creation as affected at the death of his friend, with ſuperior judgement, calls for the ſeveral flowers,

"To ſtrow the laureat herſe where Lycid lies."

Among which he mentions,

The glowing violet,
The muſk-roſe, and the well attir'd wood-bine,
With cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head, &c. 145.

Milton, is fanciful, yet affecting; Browne, puerile and diſguſting.

Page 51. Did he attend the court for no man's fall?
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall?
And when he did his rich apparell don,
Put he no widow, nor an orphan on?

The moſt finiſhed character of Deteſtation we have, is Maſſinger's Sir Giles Overreach. The following part of a dialogue will give the reader ſome inſight into his exquiſite talents for miſchief.

Lovell. Are you not frighted with the imprecations and curſes of whole families, made wretched by your ſiniſter practices?

Overreach. Yes, as rocks are,
When foamy billows ſplit themſelves againſt
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd,
When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at their brightneſs.
I'm of a ſolid temper, and like theſe
Steer on a conſtant courſe, with mine own ſword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for thoſe other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterneſs; as when they call me
Extortioner, Tyrant, Cormorant, or Intruder
On my poor neighbour's right; or grand Incloſer
Of what was common, to my private uſe;
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widows cries,
And undone orphans waſh with tears my thriſhold;
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me inſenſible of remorſe or pity,
Or the leaſt ſting of conſcience.

New way to pay Old Debts. Act. 4. Sc. 1.

In

In the laſt Scene of the ſame Play, the diſtreſſes that he had occaſioned take faſt hold of his conſcience, and give riſe to the following terribly ſublime exclamation:

" Ill fall to execution—ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow ſits upon mine arm.
And takes away the uſe of't; and my ſword
Glued to my ſcabbard with wrong'd orphans tears
Will not be drawn, &c.

Page 54. In this little Piece, of five lines only, there is a certain Greekneſs (if I may be allowed the expreſſion) that will not fail of captivating every reader of true taſte. We may juſtly apply on this occaſion a ſentence of Dryden, who ſays, " The ſweeteſt eſſences are always confined in the ſmalleſt glaſſes." Dedication to his Æneid:

And in his *wrinkled* hand,

What a degree of animation and life is often thrown into a line by a ſingle picturesque, and natural epithet! In this reſpect Shakſpeare leaves all other poets far behind. To inſtance only in a ſingle paſſage. Henry the 5th, in his prayer before the battle of Agincourt, ſays,

Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay
Who twice a day their *withered* hands hold up
Toward Heaven to pardon blood. S. 5. 4 A.

Alter the epithet *withered* to almoſt any other, and you inſtantly deſtroy the picture; for an epithet equally ſtriking, ſee Vol. 18. p. . Applied to Old Age:

His *withered* fiſt ſtill knocking at Death's dore.

Page 55. Methinks, I hear a voice, &c.

There is an alarming ſolemnity in the concluſion of theſe lines, that reminds us of Tickell's juſtly popular Ballad:

I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
Which ſays I muſt not ſtay, &c. Lucy and Collin.

Page 56. ——— for if thy yeares
Be number'd by thy virtues and our teares, &c.

Methuſalems may die at twenty-one. YOUNG.

Page 63. ——— *deſtinate* to die.

One would ſuppoſe it ſhould be *deſtined*.

Page 66. Inſtead of writing only rave in verſe.

This is what Pope calls, " rhyming with all the rage of impotence." 612. Eſſay on Chriticiſm.

Page

Page 67. Things common thou ſpeak'ſt proper.

A very difficult branch of the art to manage with dexterity, which Horace has remark'd:

Difficile eſt propriè communia dicere. 128. De Art. Poet.

That life, *That venus of all things*——

Probably immediately taken from Horace.

Ordinis hæc virtus erit *et venus.* 42. De Art. Poet.

Page 68. As he who when he ſaw the ſerpent wreath'd, &c.

The name of the archer here alluded to is Alcon. The following is Servius' note in a folio edit. of Virgil, printed at Paris, 1500. See Eclog 11. v. "Alcon is Cretenſis eſt Sagittarius: et cum draco ejus puerum complexus eſt, adeo ſuâ arte temperavit ictum ſagittæ, ut in dracone transfixo conſiſteret, neque ad puerum perveniret." According to the common Delphin edition, the child's name was Phaleris—but this ſtory cannot, without the utmoſt abſurdity, be applied to the ſhepherd in Virgil, called Alcon, which, without doubt, was a common-place proper name for a paſtoral character. See an Epigram on this ſtory in Brunk's Analecta, vol. i. p. 167.

—— the age grows more unſound
From the fool's balſam, than the wiſeman's wound.

See Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm, from line 575 to 580.

Page 69. Low without creeping, &c.

Thus Denham in his popular lines, addreſſing the Thames:

O could I flow like thee! and make thy ſtream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
Strong, without rage; without overflowing, full.
Cooper's Hill.

See an excellent parody of theſe lines in the Dunciad. B. iii. 169.

Page 71. There is a maſculine flow of good ſenſe in this panegyric that places Cartwright very high both as a poet and a critic. It appeared firſt in the Virbius: or The Memorie of Ben Johnſon revived by the Friends of the Muſes, Lond. 1638. The verſes without a ſignature, page 27, are very excellent: they are alſo to be found in the Miſcellaneous Pieces ſubjoined to Cleiveland's Poems, p. 80. Lond. 1668.

Page 75. It were difficult to produce, from the whole maſs of Davenant's poetry, fourteen ſucceſſive lines of ſuch eaſe and uninterrupted ſweetneſs of flow. Pope ſeems to have been fully ſenſible of their merit:

Smooth as the face of waters firſt appear'd, &c.
Still as the ſea, ere winds were taught to blow. POPE.
Kind as the willing ſaints, *and calmer far*
Than in their ſleeps forgiven hermits are. DAV.

Thus Pope. *Soft as the ſlumbers of a ſaint forgiven.* Eloiſa.

Dave-

Davenant ſeems to have been fond of this idea, he has it again in his Gondibert:

Calm as forgiven ſaints at their laſt hour. Cant. VIII.

Page 76. Oft ſhrouds his golden flame in likeſt hair.

Randolph in ſome humorous verſes, inſcribed "To his well timbred Miſtreſſe," gives the following directions:

Then place the garret of her head above,
Thatcht with a yellow hair to keep in love. p. 126. Ed. 1643.

Page 80. Theſe verſes are ſomewhat on the plan of Taſſo's Amore fugitivo, who was indebted to the firſt Idyllium of Moſchus. See an elegant paraphraſe of this in Craſhaw's "Delights of the Muſes," p. 110. Ed. 1670. Likewiſe the "Hue and Cry after Cupid," by Ben Jonſon, in his Maſque on the Marriage of Lord Hadington.

Page 82. *Her watrie eyes* have burning force.

Anacreon, in his directions to the painter, orders him to give his miſtreſs the *moiſt, watrie* eye:

Τὸ δὲ βλέμμα ὧν ἀληθῶς
Ἀπὸ τοῦ πυρὸς ποίησον
Ἅμα γλαυκὸν, ὡς Ἀθήνης,
Ἅμα δ' ὑγρὸν, ὡς Κυθήρης. In Amicam Suam.

Her eye in ſilence hath a ſpeach,
Which eye beſt underſtands.

The expreſſion of ſilence was never more poetically introduced, or applied with greater truth, than by Mr. Sheridan in his noble verſes to the memory of Garrick.

Th' expreſſive glance, whoſe ſubtile comment draws
Entranc'd affection, and a mute applauſe;
Geſture that marks, with force and feeling fraught;
A ſenſe in ſilence, and a will in thought.

G. Fletcher has, in his deſcription of Juſtice, with great ſublimity, attributed to her the power of interpreting the ſilence of thought.

——— for ſhe each wiſh could find
Within the ſolid heart; and with her ears
The ſilence of the thought, loud ſpeaking hears. Part I. St. 10.

The three little pieces by R. Southwell, which I have printed, were firſt brought forward to the notice of general readers of poetry, by the editor of Ben Jonſon's Sad Shepherd, in his notes, from whence I have taken the liberty of extracting them. Obligations of this kind are but too commonly, to the diſgrace of literature, very induſtriouſly and ungratefully ſuppreſſed.

Page 85. If theſe lines are genuine, they are extremely curious, as preſenting us with a lively picture of the workings of a great mind on an intereſting

tereſting occaſion; and they ſerve to aſcertain a fact which does not appear to have been much noticed by hiſtorians, that an habitual intercourſe of three months was not without its effect, and that the Queen felt ſtrong emotions of regret for that denial, which ſhe was perhaps under the neceſſity of giving, in order to ſatisfy her ſubjects. From a manuſcript in the Aſhmolean Muſeum, the lines are tranſcribed; whether they have previouſly appeared in print, I know not: I am willing to believe them original, from internal evidence, yet I cannot perfectly diveſt myſelf of ſuſpicion. Unfortunately the moſt material word in the MS. is illegible; for after the ſignature of *Eliza Regina*, the following words, informing us of the ſubject on which the verſes were written, occurs. "*Upon Moun---s departure*," the word *Moun---s* being half obliterated. On my firſt inſpection of them, I had conceived they might have been compoſed on Elizabeth's quarrel with Eſſex, who, of all her favourites, attracted moſt of her perſonal affection, perhaps on his departure for his command in Ireland: but upon looking over Stow's account of the Duke of Alencon's viſit to England, I have had reaſon to alter my opinion, as I think I have diſcovered the real origin of the verſes, and believe the obliterated word in the MS. to be *Mounſieur*.

Stow's account is as follows: "Theſe Lords (the Ambaſſadors from France) after divers ſecret conferences amongſt themſelves, and returne of ſundry letters into France, ſignifying the Queenes declination from marriage, and the peoples unwillingneſs to match that way, held it moſt convenient, that the Duke ſhould come in proper perſon, whoſe preſence they thought in ſuch affaires might prevaile more than all their oratory: and thereupon, the firſt of November, the ſayd Prince came over in perſon, very princely accompanied, and attended, though not in ſuch glorious manner as were the above named commiſſioners, whoſe entertainment, in all reſpects, was equivalent unto his eſtate and dignity. By this time his picture, ſtate, and titles, were advanced in every ſtationer's ſhop, and many other publique places, by the name of *Frauncis* of *Valois*, Duke of *Alanſon*, heire apparent of France, and brother to the French King: but he was better knowne by the name of *Monſieur*, unto all ſorts of people, than by all his other titles. During his abode in England, he uſed all princely meanes to prefer his ſuite, and in his carriage demeaned himſelfe like a true borne prince, and the heire of Fraunce: and when hee had well obſerved the Queene's full determination, to continue a ſingle life, hee pacified himſelfe, admiring her rare vertues and high perfections. * * * * * * * * * * * *. The Queene in all reſpects ſhewed as great kindneſſe unto the Duke, and all his retinew, at their departure, as at any time before, and for period of her princely favours, in that behalfe, ſhee, with great ſtate, accompanied the Duke in perſon to Canterburie: where ſhe feaſted him and all his traine very royally, and then returned. The next day being the ſixt of February, the Duke, with his French Lords and others, imbarked at Sandwich, &c.———— Annales 690 p. Ed. 1631.

Their marriage articles were drawn up, as may be ſeen in Camden's Annals, p. 372. Hearne's edit. The ſame writer alſo mentions a very cloſe intimacy as ſubſiſting between them. "Vis pudici amoris inter amatoria colloquia eò provexerit, ut annulum ſuo digito detractum *Andini* (Anjou, one of his titles) impoſuerit, certis quibuſdam legibus inter ipſos adhibitis." 375, page. As dead Queens rank but with meaner mortals, we may

may aſſert without much fear of contradiction, that little elſe can now be gratified by the peruſal of Elizabeth's poetry, than mere curioſity. Her pretenſions to notice on this head are pretty much on a par with her pretenſions to beauty. Yet in both theſe ſubjects, ſlender as they were, the poets and the courtiers of her age found ſources for panegyric the moſt inexhauſtible.

Spencer concludes his "Tears of the Muſes" with a compliment to her in her poetical character, where he calls her a peerleſs poteſs. And in his Colin Clout, he ſays of her,

> Whoſe grace was great and bounty moſt rewardful
> Beſides her peerleſs ſkill in *making well.*

An other Poet of her age, has hazarded a very ſingular compliment in the following lines:

> She with the ſeed of Jove, the Muſes nine,
> So frequent was in her yeares youthful prime,
> That ſhe of them had learned pow er divine
> To quell proud love, if love at any time
> In her pure breſt aloft began to clime.
>
> England's Eliza, by R. Niccols, Edit. 1610.

If we may credit an old ſinner of antiquity on this ſubject, the poets are the very laſt teachers of abſtinence; hear Ovid, who may be fairly ſuppoſed to have had ſome little experience in theſe matters:

> Eloquar invitus: teneros ne tange Poetas,
> Submoveo dotes impius ipſe meas. Rem. Amor. 727.

Page 90. Muſt learn the hateful art how to forget.

Thus Pope:

> Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
> 'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget. Eloiſa.

Page 93. This little piece is worth all the unmanly ſniveling Elegies that Hammond ever wrote.

Page 95. Theſe lines, though far from excellent, are ſtill, in my opinion, better than any thing Sylveſter could have produced. I am therefore inclined to ſuſpect that the publiſher of the Folio Edit. of Du Bartas in 1641, is miſtaken in giving this to Sylveſter. In the ſame Edit. p. 652, verſes entituled, "The Soules Errand," are to be found (printed in the 2d Vol of Dr. Percy's Reliques, under the title of "The Lye,") and beyond a doubt not his.

Page 97. ——— gracing grace —

This is a ſort of Græciſm, as innumerable inſtances of this form of expreſſion will immediately ſuggeſt themſelves to the claſſical reader, one inſtance will be ſufficient here:

——— hunc, oro, ſine me *furere* ante *furorem*.

Virg. 12. Æn. 680.

Page 99. With loving *Red-breaſts*.

This bird has juſtly been a favourite with ſome of our moſt diſtinguiſhed poets, and has received due attention from them in their writings. I will ſet before the reader a few inſtances, out of many which I have collected, perhaps rather too idly and unneceſſarily. In a concert of birds by Browne, Song 3. B. 1. the Red-breaſt is thus diſtinguiſhed:

The mounting larke, daie's herauld, got on wing
Bidding each bird chuſe out his bow and ſing.
The lofty treble ſung the little wren;
Robin the meane, *that beſt of all loves men.* Thomp. Edit.

In Nicolls's Cuckow, p. 12. Edit. 1607. in a collection of birds we meet with

The *Red-breaſt* ſweet, *that loves the looks of men.*

M. Drayton in his Owl:

Covering with moſs the dead's uncloſed eye
The little *Red-breaſt* teacheth charity.

Collins in his Dirge:

The *Red-breaſt* oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid
With hoary moſs and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

But above all others on this ſubject, Thomſon is intitled to ſuperlative praiſe:

——— one alone,
The *Red-breaſt*, ſacred to the houſehold Gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted man
His annual viſit. Half afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats; then briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is;
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. 246. Winter.

See likewiſe a Stanza publiſhed by Mr. Maſon, and originally intended by Gray to have been introduced into his Elegy:

There

There ſcatter'd oft, the earlieſt of the year
By hands unſeen are ſhow'rs of violets found;
The *Red-breaſt* loves to build and warble there,
And little footſteps lightly print the ground.

Page 100. ——— *grim-grinning* King.

Milton I believe has been juſtly and univerſally conſidered as unrivalled, where he ſays of Death, that he

Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile.

I cannot reſiſt the opportunity of ſetting before my readers, a paſſage, which though diſſimilar in its ſubject, and inferior in its merit, yet eminently well expreſſes that mixture of contrary paſſions which is frequently ſublime. I have always conſidered this inſtance, as approaching nearer to the manner of Milton, than any thing I have met with in the whole courſe of my poetical reading. In the Maſque of the Gods, introduced in the Argalus and Parthenia of Quarles, the Goddeſſe of the night is thus fancifully habited:

——————— her body was confinde
Within a coale-blacke mantle, thorow linde
With * ſable furrs; her treſſes were of hew
Like ebony, on which a perly dewe
Hung, like a ſpiders web; her face did ſhrow'd
A ſwarth complexion, underneath a cloud
Of blacke curl'd cypreſſe: on her head, ſhe wore
A crowne of burniſht gold, beſhaded o'er
With foggs and rory † miſt; her hand did beare
A ſcepter and a ſable hemiſphere;
She ſternly ſhooke her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy ſmile, ——— B. 3. p. 112.

For this mixture of oppoſite paſſions, ſee Spence on the Odyſſey, p. 77, a truly claſſical work, by no means ſo popular as it ſhould be, and to which we may well apply what Dr. Johnſon has aſſerted of Watts's Improvement of the mind, "Whoever has the care of inſtructing others, may be charged with deficience in his duty, if this book is not recommended." See alſo Dr.

---

* Milton has arrayed Night in ſables;

——— with him enthron'd
Sat *ſable-veſted* Night— 2 B. 962. P. Loſt.

† *Rory*, this word ſeems very undeſervedly diſuſed. Fairfax has it in his Taſſo:

And ſhook his wings with *roary* may-dews wet.

Henry More's Miſt. of Godlineſs, B. 6. Ch. 5. who compares the pleaſures of this life, to the *grinning laughter of Ghoſts* &c.

Page 101. The Sir W. Alexander to whom this Sonnet is addreſſed, was afterwards created Earl of Sterline. He wrote poetry, a liſt of which is given by Mr. Pinkerton, in his Ancient Scotiſh Poems, p. 121. He was a particular friend of our Drayton's, as ſhould ſeem from the verſes of the latter on "Poets and Poeſy." He there ſtyles him,

That man whoſe name I ever would have known
To ſtand by mine, &c.

There is a ſenſible little tract of his, entituled, "A cenſure of ſome poets, Ancient and Modern," and addreſſed to Drummond of Hawthorden, his intimate friend, preſerved in the Edinb. Edit. of the latter, p. 159.

Page 102. Summer's *honour*.

Honour is frequently uſed by our old Poets for beauty. The Latins uſed *honos*, in the ſame manner, for *pulchritudo*. As in Horace:

Non ſemper idem floribus eſt *honos*
Vernis. 11 Od. 2 B.

Page 104. On this ſubject poets of all ages and nations have been very eloquent; ſuffice it to ſay, that Shakſpeare in his Henry the 4th, Part 2. Act 3. Sc. 1. has ſurpaſſed every thing that has hitherto appeared on the ſame ſubject. And his admirers may ſafely defy the moſt bigoted and induſtrious ſcholars to produce from the collected works of all antiquity, an invocation of ſuch tranſcendent merit:

Since I am thine, O come, &c.

In the original ſpirit of the Greek Epigram, the following lines are compoſed, and, as I have been informed, were intended to have been placed under a ſtatue of Somnus, in the garden of the late learned Mr. James Harris of Saliſbury; it will be no derogation to their beauties, to compare them with the concluſion of Drummond's Sonnet:

Ad Somnum.

Somne veni, et quanquam certiſſima mortis imago es,
Conſortem cupio te tamen eſſe tori!
Huc ades, haud abiture cito: nam ſic ſine vitâ
Vivere, quam ſuave eſt, ſic ſine morte mori!

It may be neceſſary to inform ſome readers, that they are written by the preſent Poet Laureat. In Popham's Selecta Poemata, p. 57. they occur, but they appear to have undergone a reviſal conſiderably for the better, in the copy from which I have printed them. A tranſlation of them is to be found in the Gent. Mag. for March 1775, p. 144.

Page 105. Drayton has here in the compaſs of fourteen lines only been very profuſe of fine compound epithets. *Silver-ſanded ſhore, ſoul-ſhrined ſaint, milk-*

milk-white ſwans, myrrh-breathing Zephyr, nectar-dropping ſhowers, dew-impearled flowers:

——— Browne compliments Drayton as the Swain
" Who on the bankes of *Ancor* turn'd his pipe."
See B 1. Song 5. p. 179

Page 106. That faireſt ſtates have *fatall* nights and dayes:

Fatall, here means *deſtin'd by the Fates,* like the word *fatalis* in Latin:

" Non licuit fines Italos, *fataliaque arva*
" Nec tecum Auſonium, quicumque eſt, quærere Tybrim."
Æn. 5. 82.

Page 108. —immelodious. A word very harmonious and uncommon. Milton uſes " ineloquent," 8 P. Loſt. 219.

Page 109. The ſhipwreck of my ill-adviſed youth.

He again ſays,

" Look on the dear expences of my youth." p. 111.

Lord Surry upbraids Beauty, and calls it

Enemy to youth, that moſt may I bewaile. p. 96.

Page 113. Or moone at night in *jettie chariot* roll'd?

Browne repreſents night as drawn in a carriage of the ſame materials:

All-drowſie Night, *who in a carre of jet*
By ſteedes of iron-gray drawne through the ſky.
Brit. Paſt. B 2. Son. 1. p. 33. Th. Edit.

Page 114. Where ſlave-born man playes to the ſcoffing ſtarres,

This language of deſperation may be compared with theſe lines of Drayton:

* * * * * * *
Which doth inforce me partly to prefer
The opinion of that mad Philoſopher,
Who taught that thoſe all-framing Powers above
(As 'tis ſuppos'd) made man not out of love
To him at all, but only as a thing
To make them ſport with, which they uſe to bring
As men do monkies, puppets, and ſuch tools.
Drayton to W. Browne.

In contradiction to this abſurd and uncomfortable doctrine, let us hear what one of the wiſeſt and greateſt men this country has produced, ſays, " But that Nature ſhould implant in man ſuch a ſtrong propenſion to religion, which is the reverence of a Deity, there being neither God nor Angel

nor Spirit in the world, is ſuch a ſlur committed by her as there can be in no wiſe excogitated any excuſe for. If there were a higher ſpecies of things to laugh at as we do at the ape, it might ſeem more tolerable." Dr. H. More's Antidote againſt Atheiſm, 1655 Edit. p. 152. The concluding idea in this extract ſomewhat reminds us of a line in Pope's Eſſay on Man:

Superior beings * * * *
* * * * * * * *
Admir'd ſuch wiſdom in an earthly ſhape
And ſhew'd a Newton as we ſhew an Ape.

Page 115. Turn'ſt is here uſed for return'ſt.

Page 116. The beſt of Spenſer's Sonnets is addreſſed to the Spring. See 5 Vol. p. 73. Hugh. Edit.

And twice it is not given thee to be born.

A mere reference might diſappoint the claſſical reader; as ſuch I ſhall make no ſcruple to quote at length the well known beautiful lines of Moſchus on this ſubject:

Αἰ, Αἰ ταὶ μαλάχαι μὲν ἐπὰν καὶ κᾶπον ὀλωῖται,
Ἠ τὰ χλωρὰ σέλπα, τὸ τ' ἰὐθαλὲς ὤλον ἄνηθον,
Ὕστερον αὖ ζώοντι καὶ ἰὲς ἔτος ἄλλο φύοντι·
Ἀμμες δ', οἱ μεγάλοι καὶ καρτεροὶ ἢ σοφοὶ ἄνδρες
Ὁππότε σαρῶτᾳ δύνωμες, ἀτάκοοι ἐν χθονὶ κεῖται
Εὕδεμες ἰὔ μάλα μακρὸν ἀτέρμονα νήγερθον ὕπνον.

I never ſaw the ſpirit of theſe verſes better transfuſed, than in the following extract from the very early production of a friend, whoſe poetry is among the leaſt of his many elegant attainments:

Yet mark the violet, how it loads with ſweets
The pregnant gale, ſpreading its purple leaves,
The painted pink too, with the roſe-bud's bloom,
And fair narciſſus catch th' enchanted eye.
When winter's froſt arreſts the ruſhing ſtream,
And binds in icy chains the ſadden'd year;
Fled is their beauty fled that fragrant breath
Wont to regale the weary paſſenger.
But when the ſpring etherial mildneſs ſheds,
And bids the brook its former flow reſume,
Up ſprings the lark, Aurora's meſſenger,
Gladd'ning the goat-herd with his early ſong,
Each plant, each flower, inhales the genial breath,
And opening into life, again pours forth,
Looſe on the zephyr, all its wonted ſweets.
Again the violet dark reſumes its hue,
Nor wanting to the roſe-bud is its bloom.
Whate'er amid the plant creation, erſt
Conſpir'd to make the joyous year complete,

Again

Again ſhoots forth, renewing all its power:
Then why boaſts Man his origin divine,
(Lord of the Univerſe, Creation's pride)
His ſpring but once, but once his winter comes
And when he falls, he falls to riſe no more?

This note has been already too much extended to admit of Dr. Jortin's Imitation of Moſchus's lines. See p. 32. Luſus Poet.

Page 117. The Ancients ſeem to have been equally attached to this bird, as the Moderns. Attentive mention is made of it in Homer, Theocritus, Virgil, and Horace, and Mr. Huntingford in his Apology for the Monoſtrophics (one of the few controverſial works in which the ſcholar and the gentleman are moſt happily blended,) has by many paſſages proved it the favourite alſo of Sophocles. See p. 89, &c. Some of the beſt poets of this country have ſignified their partiality to it, in ſtrains almoſt as delicious as its own. Milton's regard for it muſt be well known to all his readers as it has been remarked by almoſt all his commentators. Thomſon *, pre-eminently the Poet of Nature, who wrote immediately from obſervation, has not been wanting in its praiſes. Gray has remembered it in his Ode to the Spring. Is it not ſomewhat ſtrange that Collins ſhould have omitted to mention this bird? In all his poetry I recollect no alluſion to this ſubject, and have always conſidered the abſence of Philomel as no trivial blemiſh in his Ode to Evening. But above all the panegyrics that have been deſervedly paſſed upon this univerſal favourite, I have ſeen nothing yet, that in any degree approaches the notice of one who was certainly no poet; my reader will be ſurpriſed perhaps when I name honeſt Izack Walton, but let him read this and judge. "But the Nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes ſuch ſweet loud muſick out of her little inſtrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceaſed. He that at midnight, when the very labourer ſleeps ſecurely, ſhould hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the ſweet † *deſcants*, the natural riſing and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and ſay, "*Lord, what muſick haſt thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordeſt bad men ſuch muſick on earth.*" Compl. Angler, page 1.

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* The elegant and ingenious Mr. Pennant, has very properly quoted in his Britiſh Zoology, every paſſage from Milton in which it is mentioned.

† ——————(The wakeful nightingale
She all night long her amorous *deſcant* ſung.

P. Loſt 4 B. 603.

I will ſubjoin a few deſcriptions from our older Poets. Niccols has been very minute on this head:

The little Philomel with curious care
Sitting * *alone* her ditties did prepare,
And many tunes, whoſe harmonie did paſſe
All muſike elſe that ere invented was;
One while the meane part ſhe did ſweetly warble,
The tennor now, the baſe and then the treble:
Then all at once with many parts in one
Dividing ſweetly in diviſion;
Now ſome ſweete ſtraine to mind ſhe doth reſtore,
Which all the winter ſhee had conn'd before,
And with ſuch cunning *deſkants* thereupon,
That curious art ne'er doctrin'd any one
With lute, with violl, or with voice in quire
That to her matchleſſe muſike might aſpire.

The Cuckow, p. 12, 1607.

Bird-fanciers are accuſtomed to call the practice of old birds teaching their young to ſing, *recording*; from this circumſtance Drayton very poetically and fancifully dates the origin of muſic, which I think exceeds what Lucretius has advanced on the ſame ſubject, Lib. 5. 1378 line.

——— Philomel in ſpring
Teaching by art her little one to ſing;
By whoſe clear voice ſweet muſic firſt was found
Before Amphion ever knew a ſound. The Owl.

Browne, a very minute obſerver, and ſometimes an accurate deſcriber of Nature and rural objects, has remarked the ſame property of this Bird:

Under whoſe ſhade the Nightingale would bring
Her chirping young, *and teach them how to ſing.*
Brit. Paſt. 1 B. 5 Song.

In mentioning the time before ſun-riſe, he introduces it again:

For the Turtle and her mate
Sitten yet in neſt:
And the Thruſtle hath not been
Gath'ring wormes yet on the green,
But attends her reſt.

---

* This is Thomſon's:

——— ——— on the bough
Sole-ſitting, 722. Spring,

Not

Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's leſſon ſung
In the ſhady grove:
But the Nightingale *in darke* *
Singing, woke the mounting Larke
She *records* her love.

Shepheard's Pipe. 3 Eclog.

But Browne attributes the cuſtom of teaching, to other birds as well as the Nightingale, deſcribing a place of retirement, he ſays,

Wherein melodious birds did nightly harbour:
And on a bough, within the quickning ſpring,
Would be a teaching of their young to ſing. Song 3. B. 1.

See Andrew Marvel's "Appleton Houſe," who touches upon the Nightingale, p. 65. Vol. I. Cooke's Edit.

Drayton deſcribes with great ſpirit a conſort of birds, in which the Nightingale is highly diſtinguiſhed:

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No ſooner doth the earth her flowery boſom wave,
At ſuch time as the year brings on the pleaſant ſpring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feath'red ſylvans ſing:
And in the lower grove, as on the riſing knole,
Upon the higheſt ſpray of every mounting pole,
Thoſe quiriſters are perch't with many a ſpeckled breaſt.
Then from her burniſht gate the goodly glitt'ring Eaſt
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Beſpangled had with pearl, to pleaſe the morning's ſight:
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn ſo ſtrain their warbling notes,
That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all compos'd of ſounds, about them every where.
The Throſtel, with ſhrill ſharps; as purpoſely he ſong
T' awake the luſtleſs ſun; or chiding, that ſo long
He was in coming forth, that ſhould the thickets thrill:
The Wooſel near at hand, that hath a golden bill:
As nature him had markt of purpoſe, t' let us ſee
That from all other birds his tunes ſhould different be:
For, with their vocal ſounds, they ſing to pleaſant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the Merle doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the Nightingale hard-by,
In ſuch lamenting ſtrains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds ſhe to her tunes would draw.
And, (but that Nature by her all-conſtraining law)

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* This is Milton's:

——as the wakeful bird
Sings *darkling*—— 38. B. 3. P. Loſt.

Each

Each bird to her own kind this ſeaſon doth invite,
They elſe, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to uſe their ears) their voices ſure would ſpare,
That moduleth her tunes ſo admirably rare,
As man to ſet in parts at firſt had learn'd of her.

Poly-Olbion, 13 Song.

See likewiſe a very minute and accurate deſcription in Sylveſter's Du Bartas, p. 44 Fol. Edit. 1641. See p. 1319. 4. Vol. 1536 ibid. Drayton Oldy's Edition.

To accumulate yet more inſtances, of a ſimilar nature would be neither difficult nor unpleaſing:

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus,
Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore. VIRG.

To him who has been "long in populous cities pent," who has ſeldom been accuſtomed to view "each rural ſight" with poetical eyes, and to "each rural ſound" has turn'd a deaf or an undelighted ear, theſe notices, it is feared, will ſeem moſt diminutive and frivolous; but to others who have heard from this bird

——Strains that might create a ſoul
Under the ribs of Death,

in the luxurious groves of Hertfordſhire, it is hoped, however unimportant they may be, that they will at leaſt be conſidered as not incurious.

Page 118. —— for weedes at Normandie by this in porches groe.

Meaning, that they had ſo exhauſted their country (Normandy) by the forces they had draughted from it already, that its cities were left deſolate and uninhabited. The expreſſion is aukward; but the idea is forcible, and not unlike what Thomſon ſays of the effects of the plague:

Empty the ſtreets, *with uncouth verdure clad*;
Into the worſt of deſarts ſudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of men. Summer, 1060.

Page 119. Yea pardon hath he to depart, &c.

Thus Henry the 5th to his ſoldiers:

———— dont wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (Weſtmoreland) through my hoſt,
That he which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart. SHAKSPEARE.

Page 120. ———— this is my ground or grave.

See the Speech of Alric in Claudian on invading Italy.

Hanc ego vel victor regno, vel morte tenebo
Victus humum. De Bell. Gent. 530.

Page 126. And in the faces of their foes your women, in deſpight,
Should fling their ſuckling babes.

How exquiſitely unnatural is a profeſſion of lady Macbeth's in this way:

—— I have giv'n ſuck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me,
I would, while it was ſmiling in my face,
Have pluck't my nipple from his boneleſs gums
And daſht the brains out, had I but ſo ſworn
As you have done to this——

Page 125. Her name is written indifferently Voadicea, Boodicea, Bunduica, and Bondicea. Selden's Notes on Drayton.

Page 126. ——Pichtes of Scythian breed.

Thoſe who may be inclined to examine into the hiſtory of this nation, are referred to a very maſterly enquiry, entituled, "A Diſſertation on the origin and progreſs of the Scythians or Goths," by the able and ingenious Mr. Pinkerton, lately publiſhed. To this Gentleman (if there is not an impertinence in the manner of my doing it,) I would recommend as a motto for many of his works the following verſe:

Πρὸς σοφίην μὲν ἔχειν τόλμαν, μάλα σύμφορόν ἐσθλὸν.
Poet Min. Græci. p. 515. 1635 Edit. Cantabrig.

Page 127. For the circumſtances of this interview, ſee Livy 11. Lib. See alſo Plutarch's life of Publicola.

SUPPLEMENT.

SUPPLEMENT.

Notwithſtanding the following incidental Remarks bear no relation to particular paſſages in the Extracts which compoſe theſe volumes, yet they are intimately connected with ſome of the reſpective Authors from whom thoſe Extracts are taken; and being in themſelves both too foreign as well as too extenſive for inſertion in the courſe of the notes, it was thought neceſſary to give them a place here.

F. QUARLES.

In ſelecting from this author, I have been obliged to omit many of his beauties from their unfortunate intermixture with the moſt unpardonable vulgariſms; in gathering flowers from ſuch ſoils, weeds will unavoidably obtrude themſelves; in order however that the elegance and exactneſs of ſome of his ſimilies, which were too ſhort to be admitted into the body of the book, may not be overlooked, I take the opportunity of introducing them to the reader here, and ſhould think that critic more faſtidious than clear-ſighted, who ſhould be diſpleaſed with them.

Even as the ſoyle (which April's gentle ſhowers
Have fild with ſweetneſſe, and enrich't with flowers)
Reares up her ſuckling plants, ſtill ſhooting forth
The tender bloſſomes of her timely birth,
But, if deny'd the beams of cheerly May,
They hang their withered heads, and fade away;

So

So man, assisted by th' Almightie's hand,
His faith doth flourish and securely stand,
But left awhile, forsooke (as in a shade)
It languishes, and nipt with sin doth fade.

Job. Millitant, Med. 6.

As when a lady (walking Flora's Bowre)
Picks here a pinke, and there a gilly-flowre,
Now plucks a vilet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose (the yeeres maidenhead)
There, nips the bryer, here, the Lover's pauncy,
Shifting here dainty pleasures, with her fancy,
This, on her arme, and that, she lists to weare
Upon the borders of her curious haire
At length, a rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosomes in her lilly brests.

Hist. of Queene Ester, Sect. 6

Even as a Hen (whose tender brood forsakes
The downy closet of her wings, and takes
Each its affected way) markes how they feed,
This, on that crum, and that, on t' other seed,
Moves, as they move, and stayes, when as they stay,
And seems delighted in their infant-play:
Yet (fearing danger) with a busie eye,
Lookes here and there if ought she can espy
Which (unawares) might snatch a booty from her,
Eyes all that passe, and watches ev'ry commer;
Even so the affection, &c.

Job. Mil. Sect. 1.

Like as the *Haggard*, cloistered in her mew,
To scowr her downy robes, and to renew
Her broken flags, preparing t' overlook
The tim'rous mallard at her sliding brook,
Jets oft from perch to perch, from stock to ground,
From ground to window, thus surveying round
Her dove-befeather'd prison, 'till at length
Calling her noble birth to mind, and strength
Whereto her wing was born, her ragged beak
Nipps of her jangling * *jesses*, strives to break
Her gingling fetters and begins to bate
At ev'ry glimpse, and darts at ev'ry grate.

Emb. 1. 3. B.

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* ——— If I prove her *haggard*,
Though that her *jesses* were my dear heart strings
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. OTHELLO.

Even

Even as the needle, that directs the howre,
(Toucht with the loadſtone) by the ſecret power
Of hidden Nature, points upon the pole;
Even ſo the wavering powers of my ſoule,
Toucht by the virtue of thy ſpirit, flee
From what is earth, and point alone to Thee.

Job. Mil. 4 Mod.

In the beautiful ſong of "Sweet William's Farewell," the ſailor with great propriety adopts a nautical term from his own Art:

Change as ye liſt, ye winds; my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points to thee.

In peruſing Quarles, I have occaſionally obſerved, that he has ſometimes taken thoughts from the works of Lord Sterline, but the paſſages were hardly worth noticing. Quarles was indebted to Herman Hugo for the hint of writing Emblems, the earlieſt edition I have been able to meet with, is that publiſhed in 1623 at Antwerp, in tolerable good Latin Elegies. A tranſlation of it appeared Lond. 1686, by Edm. Arwaker, M. A. who very injudiciouſly obſerves, that "Mr. Quarles only borrowed his Emblems, to prefix them to much *inferior* ſenſe." The earlieſt edition of Quarles's book, that I have ſeen, is in 1635, all the prints from the beginning of the third book, are exactly copied from Hugo, but Hugo himſelf was not original. As Andrew Alciat, a Milaneze lawyer ſo early as 1535, publiſhed at Paris a volume of Emblems. Thuanus gives a great character of this writer. Hiſt. Lib 8. A ſmall Edit. of Alciat's work, with the obſervations of C. Minos, partially extracted, was publiſhed at Geneva. There is a pretty thought in one of the emblems which conſiſts of a Helmet turned into a Beehive, and ſurrounded on all ſides with its inhabitants, the motto is, *Ex bello pax.* I mention it ſolely to obſerve, that in the Sonnet ſung before Queen Elizabeth at a tilt in the year 1590 at Weſtminſter, and ſuppoſed to have been compoſed by the Earl of Eſſex, a thought of the ſame kind occurs:

My helmet now ſhall make an hive for bees,
And lovers ſongs ſhall turn to holy pſalmes, &c.

See Vol. III. Evans's Ballads.

The writer of the ſame ſong, whoever he was, might have been indebted for the thought to ſome print of the kind.

W. WARNER.

Milton's commentators have omitted remarking, that in the following paſſage he ſeems to have had an eye on Warner:

Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe, *in Saturns reign*
Such mixture was not held a ſtain. IL PENS.

Thus

This in Albion's England:

In Crete did floriſh in thoſe daies (firſt there that flouriſht ſo)
Uranos: he in wealth and wit all others did outgoe.
This tooke to wife *(not then forbod)* his ſiſter *Veſta* fayre.

B. 1 Ch. 1.

The turn of thinking in the following lines will remind the reader of Pope. Sir J. Mandeville during his travels, writes to Eleanor, the couſin of King Edward, who according to Warner's ſtory had fallen in love with him. The following forms a part of the epiſtle:

Great ſtore of beauties have I ſeene, but none as yours exact,
Courts alſo more than ſtatelie with faire ladies in the ſame,
Which ſeem'd but common formes to me, remembring but your name.
When in the holy-land I pray'd, even at the holy grave,
(Forgive me God) a ſigh for ſinne, and three for love I gave.
Againſt the fierce Arabians I the Soldan's pay did take,
When oft, as oneſt, for Saint George Saint Eleanor I ſpake.

B. 10. Ch. 63.

"Not on the croſs my eyes were fix'd but you."

Again:

"Thy image ſteals between my God and mee." ELOISA.

W. DRUMMOND.

One would be almoſt led to ſuppoſe that Pope had ſeen and remembered theſe lines:

Ah! as a Pilgrime who the Alpes doth paſſe,
Or Atlas temples crown'd with winter's glaſſe,
The ayrie Caucaſus, the Apennine,
Pyrene's cliftes where ſunne doth never ſhine,
When he ſome heapes of hilles hath overwent,
Beginnes to think on reſt, his journey ſpent,
Till mounting ſome tall mountaine hee doe finde
More hights before him thann he left behinde.

Drum. p. 38. 4to Edit.

So pleas'd at firſt the towring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and ſeem to tread the ſky,
Th' eternal ſnows appear already paſt,
And the firſt clouds and mountains ſeem the laſt;

But

But thoſe attain'd, we tremble to ſurvey
The growing labour of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increaſing proſpect tires our wond'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps ariſe!

Eſſay on Crit. 228.

The following lines, deſcribing God moved to wrath, are in Milton's manner:

So ſeeing Earth, of Angels once the inn,
Manſion of Saints, deflowred all by ſin,
And quite confus'd, by wretches here beneath;
The World's great Sovereign moved was to wrath,
Thrice did he rowſe himſelf, thrice from his face
Flames ſparkle did throughout the heavenly place.
The ſtars, though fixed, in their rounds did quake;
The earth, and earth-embracing ſea, did ſhake:
Carmel and Hæmus felt it, Athos tops,
Affrighted ſhrunk, and near the Æthiops
Atlas, the Pyrenees, the Appennine,
And lofty Grampius, which with ſnow doth ſhine.
Then to the Synod of the Sp'rits he ſwore,
Man's care ſhould end, and time ſhould be no more;
By his own ſelf he ſwore ——, &c.

Poems, p. 33. Edin. Ed. 1711.

The beſt of Drummond's proſe works, is his "Cypreſs Grove," which though quaint in its ſtyle, is worth reading for its vein of dignified morality. Mr. Pinkerton, in his liſt of Scotch Poets, calls it "a poor piece of tinſel," and ſays of its author, that "like other great poets, he could not write proſe." I will venture to aſſert, that he is more miſtaken in his general poſition, than even in the particular inſtance ſpecified. Many of our beſt poets have rivalled, and ſome have exceeded the profeſſional proſe-writers of their day. We have no contemporary piece of proſe to compare in purity with Spenſer's "View of the ſtate of Ireland," or even with Daniel's "Apology for Rhyme." Cowley was unrivalled by any proſe-writer; Davenant's Preface to his Gondibert, is a good piece of nervous writing. Are Dryden's fine Prefaces to be forgotten, or Pope's Letters and Preface to his works, one of the moſt poliſhed pieces we have? but above all, the proſe of Goldſmith is the ſtrongeſt contradiction of his aſſertion, it is the model of perfection, and the ſtandard of our language, to equal which the efforts of moſt would be vain, and to exceed it every expectation, folly.

P. FLETCHER.

At the bright lamp of Spenſer, who's flame will never expire but with our language, many inferior bards have lighted their ſlender torches. The peruſal of the Fairy Queen, biaſſed the minds both of Cowley and More * to the purſuit of poetry. And to them we may add Fletcher, who not contented with deriving his general taſte for Allegory and Perſonification from him, has gone ſo far as immediately to adopt imagery and particular figures. Though it may ſomewhat detract from the invention of Fletcher to compare him in ſome inſtances with his original, yet it is the only method of forming a real eſtimate of his merits; and as Dr. Johnſon well obſerves, "it is the buſineſs of critical juſtice to give every bird of the Muſes his proper feather;" nor has he himſelf been backward in due acknowledgement, as theſe inſtances ſufficiently evince:

Two Shepherds moſt I love with juſt adoring;
That Mantuan ſwain, who chang'd his ſlender reed
To trumpets martiall voice, and warres loud roaring,
From Corydon to Turnus derring deed;
And next our home-bred Colins ſweeteſt firing;
Their ſteps not following cloſe, but farre admiring:
To lackey one of theſe is all my pride's aſpiring.

Can. 6. 5 St. P. Iſl.

The following Eulogium to his memory does equal credit to his heart as to his abilities, and deſerves being brought forward to notice. He is lamenting the fate of Genius:

Witneſſe our *Colin* †; whom though all the graces,
And all the Muſes nurſt; whoſe well taught ſong
Parnaſſus ſelf, and Glorian ‡ embraces,
And all the learn'd, and all the ſhepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were croſt, all ſuits deni'd;
Diſcourag'd, ſcorn'd, his writings vilifi'd:
Poorly (poore man) he liv'd; poorly (poore man) he di'd.

And had not that great Hart §, (whoſe honour'd head
Ah lies full low) piti'd thy wofull plight;
There hadſt thou li'en unwept, unburied,
Unbleſt, nor grac't with any common rite:
Yet ſhalt thou live, when thy great foe || ſhall ſink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whoſe fame ſhall ſtink;
And time his blacker name ſhall blurre with blackeſt ink.

* Preface to his Philoſophical Poems, 1647. Edit.
† Spenſer.
‡ Elizabeth.
§ Earl of Eſſex.
|| Burleigh.

O let th' Iambic Muſe revenge that wrong,
Which cannot ſlumber in thy ſheets of lead:
Let thy abuſed honour crie as long
As there be quills to write, or eyes to reade:
On his ranke name let thine own notes be turn'd,
"Oh may that man that hath the Muſes ſcorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muſe adorn'd!"

Can. 1. St. 19. &c.

He again touches on the misfortune of Spenſer Can. 6. St. 52.

But to come more immediately to the ſeveral parallel paſſages, let the reader compare Fletcher's *Gluttonie.* Can. 7. Stan 80. with Spenſer's B. 1. Can. 4. 21 and 22 Stan. F. Queen. compare Fletcher's *Atimus.* Cant. 8. 42 Stan. &c. with Spenſer's *Idleneſs.* B. 1. 4 Cant. St. 18. compare Fletcher's *Thumos.* Can. 7. St. 55. with Spenſer's *Wrath.* B. 1. Can. 4. St. 33. compare Fletcher's *Aſelges.* Can. 7. St. 23. with Spenſer's *Lechery.* B. 1. Can. 4. St. 24. compare Fletcher's *Pleconettes.* Can. 8. Stan. 24. with Spenſer's *Avarice.* B. 1. Can. 4. St. 27. compare Fletcher's *Envie.* Can. 7. St. 66. with Spenſer's *Envy.* B. 1. Can. 4. St. 30. likewiſe with another deſcription. B. 5. Can. 12. St. 31. Some of Fletcher's lines well expreſs what Pope with great felicity ſtyles, "*daming with faint praiſe.*"

When needs he muſt, yet faintly, then he praiſes;
Somewhat the deed, much more the means he raiſes:
So marreth what he makes, and praiſing moſt, diſpraiſes.

Compare Fletcher's *Deilos.* Can. 8. St. 10. with Spenſer's *Fear.* B. 3. Can. 12. St. 12. There ſeems to me more nature and real poetry in Fletcher's deſcribing him as but *ſtarting* at the ſight of his arms, than in Spenſer, who on the ſame occaſion repreſents him as abſolutely "*flying faſt away,*" but perhaps Spenſer has hightened the image by making him equally terrified with the *ſound* of them as the *ſight*; this is omitted in Fletcher. No one of Fletcher's figures is more conſiſtently habited, than his *Death.*

A dead man's ſkull ſuppli'd his helmet's place,
A bone his club, his armour ſheets of lead:
Some more, ſome leſſe fear his *all-frighting* face;
But moſt who ſleep in downie pleaſures bed. 12 Can. 38.

Yet the firſt of theſe terrific attributes is ſuggeſted by Spenſer, who has given it to Meleager:

Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
Made of a dead man's ſkull, that ſeem'd a ghaſtly ſight.
11 B. 11 Can. St. 22.

In the preceding part of this Canto of Spenſer, in which the foes of Temperance beſiege her dwelling place, we find ſight, hearing, ſmell, and taſte, perſonified, which remind us of Fletcher, and diſgrace Spenſer. I have often thought that a painter of taſte might extract from the Purple Iſland, a ſeries of Allegorical Figures, which if well executed might do honour to his pencil; though in ſome inſtances he would find Fletcher "nimis Poeta," in others he

would have little to do but to ſupply the colours: and as there can be no neceſſity for implicitly tying him down to his original, the liberty of rejecting ſuperfluities, and ſupplying deficiencies ſhould be allowed. The motto's and impreſſes, which in general are very happily adapted, give Fletcher's figures an air of life, which in that particular renders them ſuperior to thoſe of Spenſer and of Sackville *. The following rich figure of Hope (which is repreſented as Maſculine,) is among Fletcher's beſt pieces, the attitude of his leaning on his attendant Pollicita, to whom every female grace might be given, ſeems worthy the notice of a painter. I will quote the deſcription at length, as it affords me an opportunity of comparing it with a figure of Spenſer on the ſame ſubject:

Next went *Elpinus*, clad in † *ſky-like* blue;
And thro' his arms few ſtars did ſeem to peep.
Which there the workman's hand ſo finely drew,
That rock'd in clouds they ſoftly ſeem'd to ſleep:
His rugged ſhield was like a rockie mold,
On which an anchour bit with ſureſt hold:
I bold by being bold, was written round in gold.

Nothing ſo cheerfull was his thoughtfull face,
As was his brother Fido's: fear ſeem'd dwell
Cloſe by his heart; his colour chang'd apace,
And went, and came, that ſure all was not well:
Therefore a comely Maid did oft ſuſtain
His fainting ſteps, and fleeting life maintain:
Pollicita ſhe hight, which ne'er could lie or feigne.

Can. 9. St 30.

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* Æſchylus in his "Seven againſt Thebes" has ſhewn much fancy in the mottos and devices of the ſhields of the different chiefs.

† Pyracles in Sidney's Arcadia, is dreſſed in a garment of the ſame materials, "Upon her body ſhe wore a doublet of *ſkye-colour* ſatin," &c. p. 42. Milton alſo has his "*ſky-tinctured grain*," P. L. B. 5. 285. but Fletcher might have had a paſſage in Quarles in his eye, who after deſcribing Parthenia in a robe beſpangled with ſtars of gold, adds,

——— her diſhevel'd haire
Hung looſely downe, and vayl'd the backer part
Of thoſe her *ſkie-reſembling robes*; but ſo,
That every breath would wave it to and fro,
Like flying clouds, through which you might diſcover
Sometimes one glim'ring ſtarre, ſometimes another.

B. III. Arg. and Par.

The

The following is Spenſer's perſonification which is delineated with greater chaſtity than uſual:

With him went Hope in rank, a handſome maid,
Of chearful look and lovely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light array'd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold:
She always ſmil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water ſprinkle, dipt in dew,
With which ſhe ſprinkle'd favours manifold,
On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſhew;
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

B. 3. Can. 12. St. 13.

This figure is ſimple, and the attributes new; Hope is here diveſted of her uſual emblem, the anchor, (which Fletcher has preſerved,) and the water-ſprinkle ſubſtituted in its room, which gives a religious air to the image; had it but received the ſanction of antiquity for its adoption, we might perhaps have heard more in its praiſe. On their coins, the Ancients we find repreſented Hope in the character of a ſprightly girl looking forward and holding a bloſſom, or bud in her right hand *, whilſt with her left, ſhe holds up her garment to prevent its retarding her pace. On a coin of Hadrian, I have ſeen Fortune and Hope with this emblem. Mr. Spence has juſtly objected againſt Spenſer, that many of his Allegorical Perſonifications are inconſiſtent, complicated, and overdone; he obſerves, that when they are well-invented, they are not well-marked out, and inſtances amongſt others the figure of Hope now before us. But ſurely though his general charge may be true, in this inſtance he has been miſled by his claſſical taſte, and too great a reverence for the Ancients; to expect an implicit adherence to them in all their mythological appendages, is unreaſonable and abſurd, and at once puts a ſtop to every exertion of fancy and genius; it is but doing juſtice to them to acknowledge that their emblematic figures are unrivaled, but as their ſeveral diſtinct attributes are cloſely connected with, and indeed drawn from their religion, hiſtory, dreſs, and manners, they muſt be conſidered as relatively excellent only; we cannot be ſo barren of invention, as to be obliged tamely to have recourſe to their imagery on all occaſions; the religion, hiſtory, manners, and dreſs, of our own country, are ſufficiently dignified to ſupply a fertile imagination, with combinations infinitely new, and to juſtify us in forming a ſtyle of our own. Propriety in ſelection is every thing; to produce a ſtrong effect from a few maſterly outlines, and to give an individual and excluſive character to the perſonage, ſeems to have been the ſole aim of the Ancients; from the profuſion of ornaments with which moſt modern allegorical figures are overwhelmed, we are as much at a loſs to diſcover for whom they are deſigned, as we are to unravel a rebus or an anagram. Milton appears to have been a reader of Fletcher. I will conclude theſe deſultory remarks on him, with noticing a few paſ-

* We commonly ſay, "to deſtroy our *hopes in the bud.*"

ſages that have eſcaped the commentators of our Divine Bard. Milton is invoking *Mirth* to bring with her,

Nods and becks, and wreathed *ſmiles*,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that *wrinkled Care derides*,
And *Laughter* holding both his ſides.

L'Alleg. 28.

When this exquiſite aſſemblage was formed, it is more than probable, that the poet had an eye on the following paſſage of Fletcher:

Here *ſportfull* Laughter dwells, here ever ſitting,
Defies all lumpiſh griefs, *and wrinkled care*;
And twentie merrie mates *mirth* cauſes fitting,
And *ſmiles*, which *Laughter's* ſonnes, yet infants are.

P. Iſland. Can. 4. St. 13. Edit. 1633.

Where thou perhaps under the *whelming* tide.

Lycid. 157.

In the Edit of 1630, Milton had written *bumming* tide, which is perhaps more expreſſive and poetical. His firſt epithet he had probably from the following fine paſſage of Fletcher:

While *bumming* rivers by his cabin creeping,
Rock ſoft his ſlumbering thoughts in quiet eaſe.

Eclog. 2.

Milton uſes *ſyllable*. 208 Comus. Fletcher in his Miſcellanies, page 85, has *ſyllabled*.

Milton is ſomewhat indebted likewiſe to the Chriſt's Victorie of Giles Fletcher. Our Lord is thus deſcribed in the Wilderneſs, by G. Fletcher:

Seemed that man had them devoured all,
Whome to devoure the beaſts did make pretence,
But him their ſalvage thirſt did nought appall,
Though weapons none he had for his defence:
What armes for innocence, but innocence?
For when they ſaw their Lord's bright cognizance
Shine in his face, ſoon did they diſadvaunce,
And ſome unto him kneele, and ſome about him daunce.

Downe

Downe fell the Lordly Lion's angrie mood,
And he himſelfe fell downe, in congies lowe;
Bidding him welcome to his waſtfull wood,
Sometime he kiſt the graſſe whear he did goe,
And, as to waſh his feete he well did knowe,
With fauning tongue he lickt away the duſt,
And every one would neereſt to him thruſt,
And every one, with new, forgot his former luſt.

Unmindfull of himſelfe, to minde his Lord,
The Lamb ſtood gazing by the Tygers ſide,
As though betweene them they had made accord,
And on the Lion's back the goate did ride,
Forgetfull of the roughneſs of the hide,
If he ſtood ſtill, their eyes upon him bayted,
If walk't, they all in order on him wayted,
And when he ſlept, they as his watch themſelves conceited.

After circumſtantially deſcribing the perſon of Jeſus, Satan is thus introduced diſguiſed:

At length an Aged Syre farre off he ſawe
Come ſlowely footing, everie ſtep he gueſt
One of his feete he from the grave did drawe,
Three legges he had, the woodden was the beſt,
And all the way he went, he ever bleſt
With benedicities, and prayers ſtore
But the bad ground was bleſſed ne'er the more,
And all his head with ſnowe of age was waxen hore.

A good old Hermit he might ſeeme to be,
That for devotion had the world forſaken,
And now was travailing ſome Saint to ſee,
Since to his beads he had himſelfe betaken,
Whear all his former ſinnes he might awaken,
And them might waſh a way with dropping brine,
And almes, and faſts, and churches diſcipline,
And dead, might reſt his bones under the holy ſhrine.

But when he neerer came, he lowted lowe
With prone obeyſance, and with curt'ſie kinde,
That at his feete his head he ſeem'd to throwe;
What needs him now another Saint to finde?
&c. &c.

He thus exclaims with the moſt artful ſimplicity:

Ah, mote my humble cell ſo bleſſed be
As heav'n to welcome in his lowely roofe,
And be the temple for thy deitie!
Loe how my cottage worſhips thee aloofe,
That under ground hath hid his head, in proofe
It doth adore thee with the feeling lowe,
Here honie, milke, and cheſnuts wild doe growe,
The boughs a bed of leaves upon thee ſhall beſtowe.

Ch. Vict. 2 Can. Ed. 1610.

Compare Parad. Reg. 295. &c. Where our Saviour paſſed forty days in the wilderneſs:

— — — — — — — —
— — — — — — — —
Nor taſted human food, nor hunger felt
Till thoſe days ended, hunger'd then at laſt
Among wild beaſts: they at his ſight grew mild,
Nor ſleeping him nor waking harm'd, his walk
The fiery ſerpent fled, and noxious worm,
The lion and fierce tiger glar'd aloof.
But now an aged man in rural weeds
Following, as ſeem'd, the queſt of ſome ſtray ewe,
Or wither'd ſticks to gather, which might ſerve
Againſt a winter's day when winds blow keen,
To warm him wet return'd from field at eve,
He ſaw approach, who firſt with curious eye
Perus'd him, then with words thus utter'd ſpake.

MILTON.

How far the following Stanzas, which are but a continuation of what I before quoted, might have influenced Milton in his Comus, I leave the reader to determine. Fletcher is deſcribing the Bower of Vaine-Delight, to which our Lord is conducted by Satan:

And all about, embayed in ſoft ſleepe,
A heard of charmed beaſts aground were ſpread,
Which the faire Witch in goulden chaines did keepe,
And them in willing bondage fettered,
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beaſts, ſo fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Us'd manly ſoules in beaſtly bodies to immould.

Through

Through this falſe Eden, to his Leman's bowre,
(Whome thouſand ſoules devoutly idolize)
Our firſt deſtroyer led our Saviour.
Thear in the lower roome, in ſolemne wiſe,
They daunc't around, and powr'd their ſacrifice
To plumpe Lyæus, and among the reſt,
The jolly prieſt in yvie garlands dreſt,
Chaunted wild Orgialls, in honour of the feaſt.

Others within their arbours ſwilling ſat,
(For all the roome about was arboured)
With la[illegible]hing Bacchus, that was growne ſo fat,
That ſt[illegible] he could not, but was carried,
And every evening freſhly watered,
To quench his fierie cheeks, and all about
Small cocks broke through the wall, and ſallied out
Flaggons of wine, to ſet on fire that ſpueing rout.

This their inhumed ſoules eſteem'd their wealths
To crowne the bouzing kan from day to night,
And ſicke to drinke themſelves with drinking healths,
Some vomiting, all drunken with delight.
Hence to a loft, carv'd all in yvorie white,
They came, whear whiter Ladies naked went,
Melted in pleaſure, and ſoft languiſhment,
And ſunke in beds of roſes, amourous glaunces ſent.

Stan. 49, 50, 51, 52.

After a deſcription of Avarice and Ambition, we are preſented with the throne of *Panglory*, who is thus deſcribed:

A ſilver wande the Sorcereſſe did ſway,
And, for a crowne of gold, her haire ſhe wore,
Onely a garland of roſe-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand, ſhe bore
A hollowe globe of glaſſe, that long before,
She full of emptineſſe had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured,
Whoſe colours, like the rainbowe, ever vaniſhed.

Thus the ſpirit in Milton in giving directions to the brother, ſpeaking of the Hæmony which he gives him as an antidote to the charms of Comus, ſays:

——————— if you have this about you,
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the necromancers hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſh'd blade ruſh on him, *break his glaſs*,
And ſhed the luſcious liquor on the ground,
But ſeize his wand. 647.

The

The Goddeſs in Fletcher ſings a ſong of allurement, the ſubject of which is Love (to uſe Milton's words), "Obtruding falſe rules prankt in reaſon's garb," and endeavours to captivate our Saviour in the ſame manner as Comus does the Lady, ſee his ſpeech at length, p. 706. A part of Fletcher's ſong I produce for its elegance;

See, ſee the flowers that belowe,
Now as freſh as morning blowe,
And of all, the virgin roſe,
That as bright Aurora ſhowes,
How they all unleaved die,
Looſing their virginitie:
Like unto a ſummer-ſhade,
But now borne, and now they fade.
Every thing doth paſſe away,
Thear is danger in delay,
Come, come gather then the roſe,
Gather it, or it you loſe.
All the ſande of Tagus ſhore
Into my boſome caſts his ore;
All the valleys ſwimming corne
To my houſe is yeerely borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine,
While ten thouſand kings, as proud,
To carrry up my traine, have bow'd,
And a world of Ladies ſend me
In my chambers to attend me:
All the ſtarres in heav'n that ſhine,
And ten thouſand more, are mine;
Onely bend thy knee to me
Thy wooing ſhall thy winning bee.

The effect of the ſong on our Saviour is as follows:

Thus ſought the dire Enchauntreſs in his minde
Her guilefull bayt to have emboſomed,
But he her charmes diſperſed into winde,
And her of inſolence admoniſhed,
And all her optique glaſſes ſhattered.

Milton uſes the very expreſſion *ſhatter'd*. 799 Comus.

I will conclude theſe obſervations on the two Fletchers with an extract from Howell's Letters. See Let. LXVI. *To E. Benlowes, Eſq; upon the receipt of a Table of exquiſit Latin Poems.* "I much thank you for your viſits, and other fair reſpects you ſhew me; eſpecially that you have enlarged my quarters among theſe melancholy * walls, by ſending me a whole Iſle to

* He was then confined in the Fleet,

walk

walk in, I mean that delicate *Purple Iſland* I received from you, wher I meet with *Apollo* and all his daughters, with other excellent ſociety; I ſtumble alſo ther often upon myſelf, and grow better acquainted with what I have within me, and without mee: inſomuch that you could not make choice of a fitter ground for a priſoner, as I am, to paſs over, than of that *Purple Iſle*, that *Iſle of Man* you ſent me, which as the ingenious Author hath made it, is a far more dainty ſoil than that *Scarlet* iſland which lys near the *Baltic* ſea." Edit. 1650. It is perhaps being triflingly minute to remark that Milton's "Sable *Stole* of Cyprus *lawn*." Il Pen. 35. might have originated from G. Fletcher.

After them flewe the Prophets, brightly *ſtol'd*
In ſhining *lawne*, and wimpled manifold. Chr. Trium.

M. DRAYTON.

If we cloſely conſider the two following paſſages from this poet, there will be no occaſion to ſuppoſe with Dr. Farmer, (ſee his Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpear, p. 30.) that Milton in his juſtly admired deſcription of the Swan, had a paſſage of Donne in his eye:

——————— the Swan with *arched neck*
Between her white wings * mantling, *proudly rows*
Her ſtate with oary feet. MILTON.

The jealous Swan, there *ſwimming in his pride*
With his *arch'd breaſt* the waters did divide,
His *ſaily wings* him forward ſtrongly puſhing
Againſt the billowes with ſuch furie ruſhing,
As from the ſame, a ſome ſo white aroſe
As ſeem'd to mocke the breſt that them oppoſe.
Man in the Moone. p. 480. 1619 Edit.

* This word which is highly deſcriptive, is applied by Spenſer to the Hawk:

Ne is there hauke which *mantleth* her on perch.
6 B. 11. C 32. F. Queen.

The

The Swan by his great maſter taught this good,
T' avoid the fury of the falling flood,
His *boat-like breaſt, his wings reis'd for his ſail,*
And *oar-like feet* —— FLOOD.

Peck quotes an appoſite paſſage from Shakſpeare's Tempeſt, from which he ſuppoſes Milton to have taken his epithet *oary*. The lines are theſe:

——— his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and *oard*
Himſelf with his good arms in luſty ſtrokes
To th' ſhore ——

But had Peck been a minute reader of Drayton, he would have found that from him Milton copied the moſt material features in his image. It is worthy of obſervation, that the idea of the Swan's having a muſical voice prevails in Iceland, as well as in the writings of the Ancients. See Uno Von Troil, ſpeaking of this Bird. "They are ſaid to ſing very harmonioufly in the dark cold winters nights: but though it was in the month of September, when I was upon the iſland, I never once enjoyed the pleaſure of a ſingle ſong." Letters on Iceland, p. 143.

The word *imparadis'd*, uſed by Milton, P. Loſt. B. 4. p. 506. and ſuppoſed by ſome of his firſt commentators to have been coined by him, occurs twice in Drayton, perhaps oftener:

Within the caſtle hath the Queen devis'd
A chamber with choice rarities ſo fraught,
As in the ſame ſhe had *imparadiz'd*
Almoſt what man by induſtry hath ſought.
Bar. Wars, B. 6. Stan. 30.

See alſo his Poly-Olbion:

O my bright lovely brook whoſe name doth bear the ſound
Of God's firſt garden-plot th' *imparadiſed* ground
Wherein he placed man.

The word ſeems to have been not uncommon with other of our older Poets, as the following inſtances prove:

For ſhe that can my heart *imparadiſe*.
Daniel. 12 Son.

——— this *paradized* Earth.
Warner's Alb. Eng 10 B. 60 Ch. Edit. 1602.

Thou ſitt'ſt *emparadis'd*, and chaunt'ſt eternall layes.
P. Fletcher's P. Iſl. C 1. St. 14. Edit. 1633.

As in his burning throne he ſits *emparadi.'d.*
G. Fletcher's Chriſt's Triumph.
Stan. 43. Part. 2. Ed. 1610.

My ſoule's *imparadis'd* for 'tis with her.
Habington's Caſtara. Edit. 1640. p. 31.

Pope in the courſe of his Tranſlation of Homer, in a variety of inſtances, has with great happineſs and ſucceſs availed himſelf of the opportunity of interweaving with his verſion applicable paſſages from our beſt poets, as Shakſpeare and Milton; perhaps in rendering the following line he had Milton in his eye:

Ἠ ὤτρυν᾽ πολέμοιο μιῆναι ὀβριμον ὄτρυν. Il. 10. line 8.

Or bids the *brazen throat* of war to *roar.* POPE.

But what he has here gained in ſtrength, he has loſt in accuracy. Homer ſays nothing about *brazen,* Milton tempted him to uſe this epithet:

The *brazen throat* of war had ceas'd to *roar.*
P. L. B. 11. p. 713.

I was induced to quote theſe paſſages, as they will tend to introduce one of the moſt nervous and ſublime lines in the whole compaſs of Engliſh Poetry. It is in our Author's Epiſtle from Mortimer to Iſabel:

For which Rome ſends her curſes out from far
Through the ſtern throat of terror-breathing War.

S. DANIEL.

——————— my Silvia's memory
Is all that I muſt ever live withal. Scen. 4. Hym. Triumph.

This ſimple thought reminds us of a moſt inimitable exclamation in Shenſtone's Epitaph on his amiable relation Miſs Doleman, who died of the ſmall-pox at the age of 21. This little piece of Shenſtone's is one of the very rare modern productions, that not only reſembles but rivals the dignified and affecting conciſeneſs of the Ancients, in their ſepulchral inſcriptions. It is worth volumes of his paſtorals. I will gratify myſelf by quoting it intire:

Peramabili ſuæ conſobrinæ
M. D.

Qui

On the other ſide.

Ah Maria
Puellarum elegantiſſima,
Ah flore venuſtatis abrepta,
Vale!
Heu quanto minus eſt
cum reliquis verſari,
Quam tui
Meminiſſe!

In our Author's funeral Poem to the memory of the Earl of Devonſhire, the following lines remind us of the Immortal Chatham:

Here is no room to tell with what ſtrange ſpeed
And ſecreſy he uſed to prevent
The enemies deſigns: nor with what heed
He march'd before report: where what he meant
Fame never knew herſelf, till it was done.

Sylveſter, in his Du Bartas, compliments Daniel, and calls him

" My deer ſweet Daniel, ſharp-conceipted, brief,
Civill, ſententious, for pure accents chief." Fol. Edit. p. 82.

In what follows Drayton is alluded to, whom he intitles, " *our new Naſo.*" Daniel had prefixed a Sonnet to his work. B. Jonſon likewiſe has verſes prefixed to it.

W. BROWNE.

There is an unſtudied flow of muſic in many lines of this writer, that perhaps exceeds almoſt every thing of his contemporaries. The harmony of theſe lines are remarkable:

Fair was the day, but fayrer was the maide
Who that day's morne into the green woods ſtraid.
Sweet was the aire but ſweeter was her breathing,
Such rare perfumes the roſes are bequeathing. B. 2. Song. 3.

Every poetical ear will be ſtruck with the reſemblance to Collins's:

Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day, &c. 2 Eclog.

The

The "ſimplex munditiis" of Horace is well imitated in the following expreſſion:

——— underneath whoſe ſhade
Moſt *neate in rudeneſſe* Nature arbors made. 4 Song. 1 B.

The thought in the concluding line of Pope's Epitaph on Gay, has (though I cannot ſay I ſee any reaſon for it,) been in general diſapproved of by profeſſed critics:

But that the worthy and the good ſhall ſay,
Striking their penſive boſoms—*here lies Gay.*

Browne has a ſimilar thought:

No grave befits him but the hearts of men. Vol. 1. p. 143.

But the thought is by no means uncommon; a variety of ſimilar paſſages might be adduced. The laſt line but one of the Epitaph is more juſtly liable to objection. I ſhould be glad to be informed of the difference between "the "worthy and the good;" it is ſtrange, that Johnſon in his Criticiſm on this Epitaph, ſhould have omitted to obſerve, that the ſecond line of it is borrowed from Dryden:

Her wit was more than man, her innocence a child.
To the Mem. of Mrs. Killigrew.

In Browne's Paſtorals, B. 1. Song 5, there occurs a whimſical and ridiculous play upon words, in which Echo repeats the two laſt ſyllables of the foregoing line which form an anſwer to it; the ſame thing occurs in Herbert's Temple, p. 182. Ed. 1709. See alſo Eraſmus's Colloquies. Butler has treated this affectation with his uſual humour.

Bishop Henry King.

Of whom Howell in his Letters, Vol. 2. p. 28. Edit. 1650. gives his opinion as follows: "You have much ſtreightened that knot of love, which hath been long tied between us, by thoſe choice manuſcripts you ſent me lately, amongſt which I find divers rare pieces, but that which afforded me moſt entertainment in thoſe miſcellanies, was Dr. Henry King's Poems, wherein I find not only heat and ſtrength, but alſo an exact concinnity and evenneſs of fancy: they are a choice race of brothers, and it ſeems the ſame genius diffuſeth itſelf alſo among the ſiſters:" I will quote alſo what follows, as it alludes to a ſiſter of our Author's. "It was my hap to be lately where miſtreſs A. K. was, and having a paper of verſes in her hand, I got it from her, they were an epitaph and an anagram of her own compoſure and writing, which took me ſo far, that the next morning before I was up, my rambling fancy fell upon theſe lines:

For the admitting of Miſtris Anne King *to be the tenth Muſe.*

The

The verſes are not worth quoting. Dr. King, p. 88. of his Poems has verſes upon Mrs. Kirk's being unfortunately drowned in the Thames. There are ſome lines on the ſame ſubject in "Elegies by Robert Heath, Eſq;" Lond. 1650. p. 1. In the Collection of Dr. King's Poems, are the verſes On the Earl of Dorſet's death, which I have printed, p. 42. 2. Vol. They are to be found amongſt Biſhop Corbet's Poems, but to which of the two they belong I know not.

FINIS.

6 MA 56

(*By the* EDITOR *of theſe Volumes*,)

POEMS and other PIECES.

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